



The Georgian





THE GEORGIAN
1994

being the yearbook of
ROYAL ST GEORGE'S COLLEGE
120 HOWLAND AVENUE
TORONTO M5R 3B5
CANADA

Telephone: (416) 533-9481
Fax: (416) 533-0028

A Brief History of the College

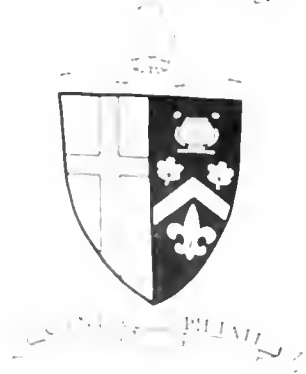
The idea of a school for boys with the name "St. George's College" was fostered by Mr. John Bradley and certain other Anglican laymen who had associations with the Toronto Diocesan Choir School. The success of the Diocesan Choir School, which was a summer school for choir boys, suggested the desirability of a permanent school. A committee was therefore formed and plans developed to establish a full-time day school with a strong emphasis on music. A private Act incorporating St. George's College was passed on March 31, 1961 by the Ontario Legislature. The school admitted its first seventy-two pupils in 1964. In 1989, Queen Elizabeth II granted the College the right to prefix the title "Royal" to its name.

Illustrations: Cover, End-sheets, Title Page, this page

The cover is by David Alexander, Grade 13, and shows our houses' colours on the sword hilt. • The title page shows the chancel of St. Alban's Church, which is seen again on our endsheets. This church is the School Chapel, and as such familiar to two generations of Georgians. • On this page we see some new phenomena of RSGC: Mr. Pengelly's office was split into two to provide a waiting room (top right); and a new Phys Ed office was created out of the former equipment room (bottom right). •

Right are: the College houses at 128 Howland and a view of the Junior School from Howland Avenue.





The Georgian 1994

"Learning and Godliness"

Royal St George's College, 120 Howland Avenue, Toronto M5R 3B5, Canada
Editor: Geoffrey Bellingham • Staff Adviser: Mr M Reid

The Foundations

The Administration

The Headmaster, p. 5 • Mr Pengelly, p. 6 • Dr Barlow, p. 7 • Board of Governors, p. 15 • Old Boys' Association, p. 15 • The Guild, p. 16.

The Buildings

The College page, p. 2

Christian life

Confirmation, p. 143 • Carol service, p. 128 • Chapel, p. 51

Prize Days

Athletic banquet, p. 150 • Junior School Prize Day p. 149 • Senior School Prize Day, p. 151

Valedictory Address of the Head Prefect, p. 94

Fund-raising, "Napoleon", p. 133

Yearbook, Yearbook staff, p. 2

Advertising, p. 154

Obituaries, p. 160

The People

Office and Custodial Staff, p. 8

Teaching Staff

Group shot, p. 4 • Individuals, p. 10

Graduates

Prefects, p. 17 • Prefects' Breakfast, p. 146 • 'Lifers', p. 17 • Individuals, p. 18 • Graduates' Formal Dinner-Dance, p. 152

Houses

Canterbury, p. 34 • Westminster, p. 36 • Winchester, p. 38 • York, p. 40

Classes (Junior School)

8W and 8H, p. 42 • 7M and 7B, p. 44 • 7R and 6, p. 46 • 5 and 4/3, p. 48

Parents

Mother-son weekend, p. 124 • New Parents' Evening, p. 126 • Volunteers Appreciation Day, p. 148

Talents and Interests

Clubs

Speaking Union, p. 50 • Library, p. 53 • Servers' Guild, p. 50 • Camera Club, p. 54 • Technical Crew, p. 54 • Pottery Club, p. 52

Music

Bands: OAC Jazz Combo, p. 56 • Grade 9-10 Band, p. 56 • Senior Concert Band, p. 56 • 'A' Band, p. 58 • 'B' Band, p. 58 • 'C' Band, p. 58 • Junior Stage Band, p. 58

Choirs: 'A' Choir, p. 60 • 'B' Choir, p. 60 • Changed Voices Choir, p. 60.

Other ensembles: Strings, p. 63 • Grade 5 Music, p. 62 • Grade 4/3 Music, p. 62 • The "Musik Toques", p. 132.

Dramatic and Visual Art

Annual Dramatic Production, p. 65 • Junior School Video, p. 144 • "Oklahoma", p. 145 • "Final Curtain", p. 146 • Painting, p. 70 • Photography, p. 78

Creative Writing, p. 81

Sports teams

Soccer, p. 96 • Volleyball, p. 104 • Cross-country, p. 106 • Hockey, p. 108 • Basketball, p. 112 • Sking, p. 115 • Softball, p. 116 • Tennis, p. 120 • Badminton, p. 122 • Track and Field, p. 122

Events

Canada and the World, p. 124

September to December: Orientation events, p. 124 • High Park day, p. 126 • New Parents' evening, p. 126 • Dorset, p. 126 • Stratford, p. 128 • Oktoberfest, p. 129 • Halloween, p. 128 • Election '93, p. 129 • Variety Night, p. 130 • Police dog, "Nero", p. 130 • Sir Edmund Hillary, p. 130 • Grub Day, p. 130 • Carol Service, p. 131

January to March: Careers Day, p. 131 • The Breakfast Club, p. 132 • Snow-sculpting, p. 132 • St Valentine's Dance, p. 134 • Swimming Meets, p. 135

April Trips and other trips: Norval, p. 136 • Breckenridge, Colorado, p. 137 • Ottawa, p. 139 • Quebec City, p. 139 • Bolton, p. 140 • New York, p. 141 • Washington, p. 142 • Chicago, p. 64 • 'A' Band to Ottawa, p. 64 • Choir tour to Quebec, p. 153

April to June: Citizenship Court, p. 143 • Washtenaw Band's Visit, p. 143 • Grade 5 to Skydome, p. 144 • Solar Eclipse, p. 144 • Special Assemblies, p. 146 • Track and Field Day, p. 147

GROUP SHOT OF STAFF, SEPTEMBER 1993

Back row: Ms. Grieve, Ms. Foster, Mr. McMaster, Ms. Miller, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Lee, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. Orlando, Mr. Ackley, Mr. Timm, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Siewert, Fr. Hill, Mr. Nakatsu. • *Middle row:* Mr. Leatch, Dr. Skalinski, Mr. Wade West, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Birkett, Dr. Barlow, Ms. Keresteci, Ms. Mustard, Mr. Van Herk, Mr. Paulin, Ms. Walsh, Mr. Love, Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Martin. • *Front row:* Mr. Reid, Mr. Hutchison, Mr. McElroy, Mr. Evans, Mr. Pengelly, M. Denis, Mr. Keenan, Mr. D'Arcy.



OCCASIONAL TEACHERS

This year we managed to get photos of some of the substitute teachers who visited in the Junior School. Right, from left: Mr. Keith Wright, Ms. Marsha Johnston, Ms. Brigid Roscoe, Ms. Jennifer Mitsche.



YEARBOOK

The yearbook advisor, Mr. Reid, writes that he would like to thank editor, Geoffrey Bellingham, and Grade 13 Liaison Officer, Jeremy King, and Alexander Moniz-Brown, Advertiser Relations Officer, for their work on this yearbook. The name of David Alexander also deserves to be mentioned. His work appears on the cover and in section divider pages throughout this book. Pictured below, from left: Bellingham, King, Moniz-Brown, Alexander.



THE HEADMASTER



HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE, PRIZE DAY 1994 (EXCERPTS)

From a somewhat stormy beginning six years ago, to yet another graduation! My tenure as Headmaster has been exciting, challenging and very rewarding.

While this is not a farewell message, it is one filled with memories which very few men are privileged to experience and cherish.

- A growing list of Alumni who have become personal friends, and who have allowed me to shed the mantle of Headmaster and become a person.

- The delight of playing and working with a wide range of students who have constantly brightened my days here at RSGC.

- The exhilaration of watching students of all ages face challenges and achieve.

- Prefects with whom I've worked. To see their success and growth as they've taken on leadership roles around the school is indeed a privilege.

- The increase in House activities and spirit, especially in this last year.

- The real joy of working with professionals who love their "job." Those teachers who every single day show concern, care and understanding for each one of their students. The satisfaction of knowing that so many of our academic staff treat each year as a new one — seeking out up-dated and innovative ways of making each and every class more interesting, exciting and challenging. How great to have so many leaders at RSGC who do not fall into the trap of dusting off lesson plans and teaching the same way as they did last year, and every year before.

- The rewards of working with those members of the Board who provide me with counsel, support and the faith to do my job with freedom and respect.

- The background support of the administration and secretarial staff.

- The excitement of meeting so many parents who have a strong belief in Royal St. George's, and who give countless hours in volunteering their talents and time. Without their involvement, this school could not continue to operate.

Of course every day is not filled with smiles and rewards. Naturally there are some 'down' times which must be addressed by the Headmaster and his staff. Stress, disappointment, and anger are also part of my responsibilities, which when handled properly (we hope), led to the mature growth of a young man who learns from his mistakes.

Stealing, involvement with drugs and liquor, racism, bullying, physical and verbal abuse, lack of manners and courtesy in living with peers, neighbours and strangers, immature and chauvinistic attitudes towards females, homophobia, intolerance — throughout the school year, the Headmaster, staff and

student leaders are challenged to constantly address these issues which do exist in our real society. These are matters of concern which are part of the educational process. We do not teach just math, English, public speaking, music and sports. Every day we must teach through example, discipline and modeling, an honest and realistic approach to becoming a productive, happy and 'whole' adult. So while there are some difficulties, and while we do not have a constant state of Utopia, there is tremendous gratification in seeing a young man become stronger, by understanding how his actions and negative behaviour can be changed and corrected. With cooperation and through working together with understanding parents and school leaders, I find great delight in seeing positive change in our boys.

Such is the role of a Headmaster. The growth and success experienced by each boy we meet, is such a great reward. If I've had a small part to play in such development, then I thank God for the wonderful opportunity . . . a unique opportunity . . . of being involved in this incredibly wonderful world of education. I sincerely hope that time will be on my side to allow me to continue for a little longer at Royal St. George's.

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL



The 8:20 bell rang in the halls of the Senior School and the first classes of the year commenced. "This is new, sir" was the observation proffered last September by a few of the most observant Georgians! The daily routine had been changed — we had moved away from a horizontal organizational structure (home forms) and entered into an arrangement based on the House System. The course had been charted for the year!

Why the change? Was it a "real" change or simply cosmetic? How committed were we (the College) to the change?

RSGC continues to be committed to the goals and objectives, as defined by our Founders and Board. We are dedicated to developing the 'complete individual.' Witness to the mandate has been the emphasis placed on the spiritual growth; the aca-

demie challenge; the self-esteem and confidence development, and the participation philosophy of the artistic and athletic extra-curricular programmes. We want to raise our commitment to the total, life-long learner.

The College has always had a strong core of athletes, musicians, debaters, actors, writers and artists who have taken advantage of the inter- and intra-school opportunities provided. The new Point System and Steward ties recognize these individuals and encourage others to become more involved.

Forty-nine students (21%) earned 550 points, requiring large commitment in at least two of leadership, varsity participation, house league participation or clubs. For their efforts, they were awarded a White Chevron to

attach to the House Pin. The average number of points earned per student was 465. There was an encouraging increase in the number of participants and extent of participation. Now we set our objective to raising both these measures more significantly in future years.

The students who participate are the big winners in the system for they have become more connected to their education. A special thank you to the House Prefects: Julian Thornbury, Douglas Frawley, Nick Blanchette and Mark Andersen as well as the staff: Mr. Cooper, Mr. Orlando, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Ackley and Mr. Love who believed in the change and spent countless hours in the labour to get it off the ground.

Murray Pengelly

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL



There has been a great deal of discussion lately about the importance of self-esteem in the education of young people. I sometimes feel that some of the modern definitions of this positive self-regard is counter-productive to real progress in academic pursuits and in preparation for future employment.

It has been said that without self-esteem, our students cannot achieve at all in school. However, simple observation around us shows that many people with low esteem do quite well in education. Alfred Adler thought that it was the individual's sense of inferiority that drove behaviour. If he is right, then a majority of people, including those who do well, have low self-esteem.

Further, for those who do not do well in their studies, it is difficult to praise achievements in this area. We can praise manners, kindness, and empathy with their peers, and we do; but what boys in this situation most want to hear about is their scholastic work. Only by working on improving their academic skills, can we produce praise-worthy accomplishments.

In spite of this, I do believe in the importance of strong self-esteem. The problem seems only that we need to look again at what our goals are in shaping it. One of the best ideas I have heard is based on work by Dr Gordon Neufeld, a Vancouver psychologist. He suggests that a positive view of oneself can be summed up in three words beginning with "S":

- **Separateness:** The child is allowed to view himself or herself as an individual separate from parents and family; an autonomous, functioning being.
- **Security:** Love is unconditional of behaviour or achievements (this does not mean that one cannot demand expectations on behaviour and achievements).
- **Strength:** The ability to withstand psychological distress, rejection, disappointment, and loss. This is the exact opposite from contemporary views that one promotes a child's self-esteem by protecting him/her from frustration, failure, upset, and negative feed-

back. Another word for this is "resiliency."

Dr. Neufeld distinguishes between "acquired self-esteem" (praise regardless of effort and product) and "natural self-esteem" (the three words above). The former is based on external evaluations and works against the latter. How secure are you if you depend on what others think? The former is based on how pretty you are, how smart, how popular, how good in baseball, how well you do in school. The latter is the true strength that we need to develop in each individual.

"Teachers can crush a young boy with a stern look, a critical comment. Just one word at the wrong time can be remembered for life." (From a recent speech to educators.)

If this is true, we have failed as teachers and parents. Are we shaping children who will give up the fight at the first experience of unfairness and criticism? One of

our past parents used to say that he hoped his sons had a lot of experience with 'unfairness' in school so that they learned to deal with it. They will face a great deal of it in the future and they had better be prepared. As teachers, we constantly strive to be perfectly fair at all times and never to lose our tempers, as I am sure our parents do, too. Perhaps it is just as well that we don't always succeed. When our students face their first unfair boss, when they face the first hug who says 'I am in front of you', how will they react?

The core of what we should be teaching is *resiliency*. How can we encourage the growth of personalities that are resilient in the face of the 'slings and arrows' of normal life, that can deal with belittling and critical peers, that have sufficient 'ego-strength' to bounce back from misfortunes, and that can take the constant criticism which is so much a part of many jobs (especially teaching)? It is only resilient personalities that have true self worth, self esteem that is based on everyone always being nice to you is shallow and soon dis-

appears.

"to overcome low self-esteem, teachers must be fair, warm, patient, humorous, smiling, just, and encouraging." (Same speech.)

And only the Archangel Gabriel need apply! Teachers and parents, are human beings of value, too. They have days of stress, depression, fatigue, and these will affect the way that they deal with children. And thank goodness they do! How else will the child come to learn to deal with the various moods and idiosyncrasies of all the people with whom he/she will come in contact? If we really did succeed in being these paragons, we would be doing a real disservice to our pupils.

Andrew Barlow
Principal
Junior School

THOSE BEHIND . . .



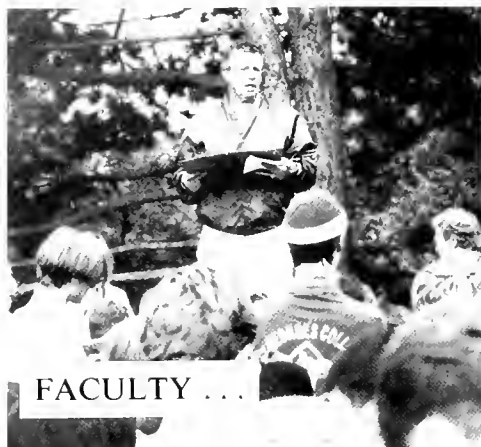
1. Mr. Bentley, Bursar 2. Mrs. Skinner (Accounts) 3. Mrs. Keresteci (headmaster's secretary) 4. Ms. Mustard (Senior School secretary) 5. Mrs. Barlow (Guild and Old Boys' Association, seen here with Mrs. Latimer, left) 6. Mrs. Foster (Junior School secretary) 7. Mr. Dawes (organist) 8. Ms. Ramez (laboratory technician) 9. Mr. Devereaux (bookstore) 10. Mr. Fowler (changed voices' choir).



... THE SCENES



11. Mr. Nobes (retired chief caretaker) 12. Mr. McGlynn (Chief Caretaker) 13. Mr. Seddon (caretaker) 14. Mr. Hume (caretaker) 15. Mr. Trombley (caretaker) 16. Mr. Grant (caretaker) 17. Mr. Lewis (caretaker) 18. Mr. Bubbs (caretaker) 19. Ms. Ortiz (caretaker) 20. Ms. Granville (cook) 21. Ms. Comeau (cook)



Mr. Ackley (P.E.) — Okay, okay! Step forward the boy who made that noise!



Mr. Cooper (Economics, French) — It sure is nice to finally graduate from high school!



Mr. D'Arcy (Computers, Math) — You mean, Murray, after all these years in the trenches, I finally get to teach something meaningful, like English?!



Mr. Evans (P.E.) -- Evans for President ... it's evident!



Ms. Grieve (Art) — I know school only finished a week ago, but I do miss my students.



Fr. Hill (Uplift, Multifariousness) — If that kid doesn't pass the puck soon, we'll be wearing bi-focals!



I wonder if there's any brain in there.



Mr. Holdsworth (English) Face it — I'm a sex machine!



Mr. Keenan (History) — Look, I'm not psychic, and that's that! Remember, looks can be deceiving!



Mr. Kerr (English) — After (!)



Mr. Love (Guidance, History) — Look, I either just get off my case. All right!"



Ms. Miller (English) — You know, boys, sometimes work and pleasure are *not* mutually exclusive.



Mr. Nakatsu (V.P., Physics) — I love life, I love me, I love you . . . Is that crazy?



Mr. Orlando (Math, Media) — I could buy this place'



Monsieur Paulin (French) — I wish, I wish people would learn to pronounce my name!



Mr. Rankin (Geography) — Hey, Louis! Put ten thousand dollars in the Sixth Dragonslayer in the Sixth



Mr. Schreiner (Biology) — I am not having as much fun as you might think.



Mr. Siewert (Languages) — What you see is what you get. Take me home, I'll be your pet.



Dr. Skalinski (Chemistry, Physics) — In Polish we say: Pro hac vice. It means, I won't be dressed like zeens on Monday.



Mr. Timm (English) — Ho hum. Another French Riviera summer! (Can't wait to get back to RSGC ... not!)



Ms. Walsh (Library) — What we have here is one happenin' Christmas party!



Mr. Van Herk (Math) — Hey, kids! You too could be as tall as me — just twenty-five cans of Politically Correct cola!



Mr. Birkett (Multifariousness) — I'm smiling, but I hope he's not a Mafioso.



Dr. Bryant (Choral) — (To himself, in an aghast voice, after "Sparky and Friends" on Variety Night) O-o-oh, it's good to be British!



Mr. Lee (Grade 5) — It's the testosterone makes me do it!



Monsieur Denis (French) — I couldn't help it. I can resist everything except temptation (Wilde)



Mr. Hutchison (Grade 8) — (To daughter Amy in High Park in September 1993) Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough — A flask of wine, a book of verse — and thou beside me — is Paradise enow (Fitzgerald)



Mrs. Graham (Choral) — You want to know what to do? — Smile, and call me 'Madam.'



Mr. Leach (Grade 6) — Erik was having a 'good hair' day, so I thought I'd ask him for his secret



Mr. Timm larking about, instigating mirth. But what sea-change seems to have come over Mr. O'I eary?



Mr. McElroy (Grades 3, 4) — I hate the profane herd. Far from me, ye workers of iniquity!



Mr. McMaster (V.P., Social Studies) — We kings of the jungle! First we hunt, then we eat.



Mr. O'Leary (Science) — I do like my nice suits. I hope, seeing them, the Administration don't feel they're paying me too much!



Mr. Reid (Grade 7) — Do you think they can put two and two together and get four?



Mrs. Wade (Piano) — I hope Tom's stupid horn doesn't fall on me!



Mr. Wade West (Music) — (Sigh) That photographer again! Oh, well, I'll humour him.





Mr. Martin (Music, Computers) — We're on a trip to Chicago and I just sneaked off and found myself beside this statue. I feel myself entering interface mode, with osculatory impulse modulation.

Board of Governors 1993-94	
The Right Reverend Terence Finlay, Lord Bishop of Huron, Chairman	
Executive Committee	
Mr. Bob Manning, Chairman	Mr. Michael Burger, Secretary
Mr. Richard Harris, Treasurer	Mr. John W. Lunn, Head of School
Board Members	
Dr. Andrew Barlow	Mr. E. J. B. B.
Mrs. Carole Cowper-Smith	Mr. G. E. A. P. P.
The Rev. Dr. Timothy E. E.	Mr. Murray P. P.
Mrs. Heather Frawley	Mr. Rob S. S.
Mr. Milton Hess	Mrs. Marie S. S.
Mr. David McMaster	Mr. Peter T. T.
Mrs. Mary Mitchell	Mr. Wolf von T. T.
Mr. Terry Nicholson	Mrs. Barbara Z. Z.



BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Our picture above shows Mrs. Cowper-Smith and Mrs. Zeibols accompanied by Huey Lee during the Board Visitation of February.

COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

Our pictures show scenes from the College Association (i.e. Old Boys') Dinner in May.





Mrs. Lalonde (left) and Mrs. Carole Cowper-Smith



Royal St. George's College Guild Executive

1993-94				1994-95
	Linda Bunting	(Past President)	Carole Cowper-Smith	
	Carole Cowper-Smith	(President)	Wanda Lalonde	
	Wanda Lalonde	(1 st Vice President)	Lucia Wing	
	Lucia Wing	(2 nd Vice President)	Linda Robinson	
	Dustan Becker	(Recording Secretary)	Dustan Becker	
	Kailiy Mulvihill	(Corresponding Secretary / Membership Convenor)	Jean McGrath	
	Linda Robinson	(Treasurer)	Judith Gilman	

As I look back on my year as President of the Guild, I look back with fond memories. Memories of wonderful and strong people on the Guild executive and in its membership. People who were always willing to lend a helping hand and to keep smiling at the same time. Mr. Latimer was always there with lots and lots of enthusiasm, encouragement and wisdom. Memories of the staff who always gave that little bit extra. The students, our boys, who make us all so proud of the fine way that they are all growing up. The memories are very special to have.

I would like to share with you some of those memories as I outline the activities and accomplishments of the Guild over the past year.

* School tours for prospective students and their parents were ongoing throughout the year. The tour guides are superb ambassadors for R.S.G.C. and I know leave these families with such a good feeling about Royal St. George's.

* Junior and Senior school grade convenors organized telephone campaigns as needed throughout the year.

* The used textbook sale, a first for us,

and a major financial winner brings back memories of: — How do we organize this? Where do we put all of these books? And more books! And even more books!

* The blazer exchange — memories of smiling Guild members who organize it out of a little room somewhere in the senior school.

* The New Parents Reception — memories of the eager faces of the parents of new boys, wanting to know as much as they can about their son's new school.

* The New Mother's Dinner, again the eager faces — with that night a keen interest in the score of the World Series!

* The Sports Swap, a last minute new project, so quickly and so ably organized with nowhere to go but up.

* The unsung heroes of our social committee, quietly organizing or helping with many events — Confirmation Reception, Citizenship Court Reception, Volunteer Recognition Day, Junior and Senior School Graduations and Prize Days, and the Staff Luncheon (the H.M. and his supersoaker!).

* The Library Committee, assisted in the library and also helped organize the book fair in the fall.

* The Poinsettia Sale, a successful fundraiser brings back memories of Ketchum Hall full of the reds, pinks and whites of the many, many pots of poinsettias.

* Another memory that comes to mind is of Guild executive members also serving on the "Napoleon" fundraiser committee. Oh what a night that was!

* School jackets being developed. What colour? What lettering? What sizes? What prices? Everyone had an opinion — usually different.

* The Annual General Meeting of the Guild brings back the memories of the culmination of a school year and of Mr. McMaster standing to display his finery!

Through many of these activities the Guild raised money to make donations towards — computer software for the library and the junior school computer room, bursaries, prize day awards for both schools, a new portable sound system for Ketchum Hall, the capital campaign fund, new bike racks and more.

The memories of the past year have been very rich and rewarding.

Carole Cowper-Smith

THE LEAVING CLASS



The following section is dedicated to the leaving class of Royal St. George's College of 1994. This page includes the prefects and lifers who were a part of this year's graduates. The picture on the far left is of the prefects. In the front row are (from left to right) Nicholas Blanchette, Matthew Aaronson, Alex Evis, and Alex Smith. Located in the middle row (left to right) are Fraser Macfarlane, Philip Pace, and Cameron Rose. Finally, the back row includes (left to right) Julian Thornbury, Douglas Frawley, Kevin Lint, Mark Andersen, and Gordon Macey. This year's head prefect was Kevin Lint who writes about this year's prefects as follows:

As prefects, very little stood in our way — since we stood in the way of very few. When grade nines started lounging on our couches watching reruns of the Partridge Family, we finally had to lay down the law. But enough said, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Who could forget the bottle of cranberry juice sitting on the fridge for five months — not even Dale dared to touch it.

All of the hard work paid off — the dances, semis and lipsync were truly successful, while everything ran smoothly with sports, debating and the junior schol. The house system underwent some major changes with several improvements. There is no doubt that house spirit has soared this year, with the enormous support of the staff and students of RSGC.

I'm sure that Aaron and his crew will do a fantastic job next year and I wish them the best of luck, although I don't know if they'll be able to handle next year's crop of grade nines.

I'd like to thank all the guys in the accompanying photo for putting everything into making this year as enjoyable as it was.

Kevin Lint

To the bottom left are the three lifers of the graduating class of 1994. The lifers are those students who have been at Royal St. George's College ever since Grade Four all the way to Grade Thirteen. This year's lifers are (from left to right) Gordon Macey, Leizel Satchu, and Robert Kenedi.



"Nine years?" they say. "How could you spend nine years at one school? Wouldn't you get bored?"

I tell them, "If your school did for you what RSGC has done for me, then you, like me, would gladly spend another nine."

This is a slight exaggeration only because university is the next logical step in my education, but I can honestly say that I have no regrets about my decision to spend so much of my time at RSGC. RSGC is a school that cares for each student; every faculty member that has devoted their time to me, be it for academic or non-academic reasons, has my deepest gratitude. RSGC is a school with good values and people; I know that I can count on all of the friends that I made there.

Why don't I mention academics? Because what RSGC has done for me in the way of personal development is more important than anything else. None of the time that I spent at RSGC was a waste; I could not have garnered a better education from anywhere else. Thanks to my family, for supporting me. Thanks to my friends, for being there. Thanks to my teachers for caring. Thanks to Royal St. George's College.

Mathew Aaronson



My stay at RSGC was two years and very eventful. I would like to thank all the teachers for preparing me so well for university, especially Doc's nuclear atomic labs, and Big Red's third year calculus course! A special thanks to Mr. Rankin for letting me attend my world issues classes at the Pati-man. I have many fond memories, which include the infamous milk incident in the chemistry lab (see Shannon's notes), the senior basketball trip to Montreal, cutting up unlucky in the library, and all the extra activities which add a great deal to this school. I'll remember checking out Milliken and Woodlands C.I. with Marcus (inside joke), New York toilet paper fights on the 18th floor.

Above all I'd like to thank my family for their patience and support. Later to the originator of Deep Cover, Pet Shop Boyz (punks), and Potato men. Yeah, thanks for the complimentary Mitsubishi TV/VCR's.

Mairaj Ahmed



Thanks to all my friends and fellow oppressed individuals who've made the past five years more interesting and bearable. Also thanks to my family for their support.

Always remember: Countless hours spent in the Gr. 13 rm pummelling each other and insulting; school/teachers, prefects and ourselves. Recognition and Dealing with Dragons. Bio class: Sit down Short Long! Passive aggressiveness in W.C. with "it's just my take . . . man" Timm and Mr. Chil-lee and D41. Finite Goddess Sherilyn F. (the only thing that kept me up in class). Day 5 trips to JJ's with C.P. arguments with King Freak about whose life is worse. Absolut Roulette with E.C. Reliable Renaults (better than untrustworthy Jettas). Raising the evil spawn of creativity in the art room with CSG, N.S. and in my basement Zarb! Egg wants to kill you, Jer! Are you boys eighteen? Boozer's bag-pipes on my front porch. What else can I say? Plenty actually, but there's no room.

Special thanks to. H.R. Giger, Mr. Bungle and Vlad Drac.

David Alexander



"Sometimes you've got to say 'WTF'. WTF gives you freedom. Freedom brings opportunity. Opportunity makes your future. So your parents are going out of town?"

— "Tomorrow."

— "WTF."

Thanks Scott, Staffl, Flint, Kerri, John, Nick, Alex (x2), Jiles, #17, Sandy, Cheese, Beth + Leigh, Tim, Gord/Fraz, 3 "B's" + a fat kid, Ed, Doug, Phil, NT Friends What a slice. Remember, Dying ain't much of a living.

This section is dedicated to Kathy I owe it all to you. Beaut Lunches.

Montreal, Tara's Basement, Europa '93, Piller's weekends, Pattie house, Tubing, The Low, Matchpoint, the Teams, Joe's Homer, and Bridget See you in Mex! I'm already there.

Mark 'Sparky' Andersen





Well, I guess it's time to say good-bye. At first when I started in Gr. 7, I hated this place, but now I know I will miss my niche better known as RSGC Memories: NYC, Halifax, Bolton, Yankees, Hockey/ball pools, clog-ups, Havergal gr. 7, Rangers, Geraldo, giving d's, Quebec City, Bolton, mosh-pits, dances (H.O.P. — AE), Nittolo's.

Much of my success at RSGC can be attributed to the staff. Special thanks to Big Red, Big O, Father Peter, Coop, Gabl, Nak, Mr. Paulin, Mr. Siewert and of course my Sr. Soccer coach Johnny.

Thanks to Kid, Fats, Greeky, Key, Sunday, Linden, Ernie, Spark, Alex E. Bo, Fraz, Merk, Melissa, and the 93/94 Prefects. (to PA, I-S, AM, SC, DE — All hail #93, #14 + #17) Most important of all I would like to thank my Mum, Dad and three Bros. Mike, Drew and Phil for your love and support. I don't say it often, but I really appreciate all the sacrifices you have made for me.

Remember, that is two Blanchettes down and two to go! Remember when you don't know what you are doing, do



it neatly!

— Murphy
Take it easy.

Nick Blanchette
"Hands in a trump" HOP



My thanks. I'd like to offer my heartfelt thanks to all those who take pride in whatever small contribution they have made to my life.

RSGC From grades 5-13 this school has been directly involved with the formation of my character, for better or for worse. I value the individuality with which the school conducted its dealings with me. "In all things seek out that which is constant, for these cannot fail you."

To my friends, Let us not let the closeness we have forged be diminished by the distance which separate us.

Farewell: To all, I wish you happiness and, more importantly, good sailing.

Exit Bo
Brian Bobechko

"Gentlemen, quick to the hydrofoils!"

It's been seven years since I entered this fine establishment, and I have to admit it's been a good time. All the guys: Pete the Greek, Kid Merath, Nicks and Bolts, Remember Donkey, Homey, Sparky, Fraz, Doug, Gord, Kevin, Horse, The King of the Freaks and his loyal minions, Statutory, Boozer, Phil, Horny, Huey, Cam, and Cross-eyed!

Great memories from Quebec, New York, Bolton, Kilcoo, and Hockey Trips to Montreal! Semi's, dances, sports, football spares! Thanks to Mr. Love, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Lat, Mer, Mr. Keenan, Mr. Pengelly — all those who helped me.

"Hey, steward. There's a mess in aisle #4!" No deviation will be tolerated. Doug Gilmour is God, and Scooter, I stole your blazer. Dan, roll the bones, and remember peace, love and road hockey!

Sandy Cameron



I have had eight great years at Royal St. George's College. Over these years I would like to thank my Mom + Dad, Gage, Bryce, my Grandparents, Aaron + Tara, The Thompsons, The Lawleys, Tom and Heidi, for all the support and encouragement to stick with it. St. George's became like a second home to me but I now look forward to new challenges. One thing that I will never forget will be going up north on Tuesdays and Wednesdays with Tom + Aaron to prepare for the ski races. Thanks RSGC for all the good times.

"No sugar in my coffee; no sugar in my tea"

The Guess Who
Austin Carter





"Why does the universe give you the sign AFTER you do it?" — Calvin and Hobbes

KAPOW! FWOOSH! ZING! Well, it's been an enlightening six years. Alas, all good things must end in a bang! I've had fun: Gr. 9 Math, Quebec, Bolton (Minnis + his horses), Gr. 11 CompSci (CH: + READkey), Gr. 12 Eng. (Wet pater, Tim?), Freaknights (Shopping carts, Eye O The Tiger, chicks and Renaults — Yee hah!), New York, Hockey in Montreal (Strip for me), Gr. 13 room (anyone gonna go my way?), Jocks: baseball games, days, (why aren't we heroes? — as Dave always ponders), The Magic Touques — Groupie, Jam sessions with Dan and Mooshu, Duke of Ed Camping, 93 Gilmour is KING! James' Cottage, Messages: to SNAFU: you're so lazy — remember always: Tr. Linden — Byers — Keith . . . to Jughead: Ferngully? — chicks + SABB's will always be together — how's the job BOY (said in the ROYAL tone), to CHEESE: stop pontificating, SANDY: brute, sundae, to DAN: you're the best bud! — I'll never forget our talk to MOOSHU: forever cliff — thanks Mrs. Holteng for the food. To Dave A: roulette the absolut way, eh. THANKS to: JUG, NEY, MOOSHU, CHEESIE, NOSE, KID, BOLTS, ROB (jib) + all the grads, all of my teachers and especially Mom, Dad and EM. — So long, all

Ernest Chan



Thanks parents, and everyone who is a friend of mine, you know who you are, baby. To all those babies out there who want me, you'll get your turn, and all that worship me, THANKS.

Had too much: Moocow, loser, Scooter, Robere, Jughead, scrumpies, The Smiths, Zen, poo-poo, Ferney, Boozer, Mouchoo Kleenex, Horse, Jug? Geraldo, panis, Stella, pupa, money-stealing chicks, leather vest, chicken boy, 13 room, air freshener frenzy, wet toilet paper balls, hagus, calouses II — The Hardning, WWF — Diesel should have won, goat, cheese, the daily Stan trip, Strato Fraz, at my cottage the Doctor is always in — slap Grr!, etc.

Mule quotes: Ed loves dead monkey brains, Magnum Panis est bonum-pudens, some might think of me as a little mushroom but now I am the grower of mushrooms. To all those who enjoyed hitting me, I secretly enjoyed it. Pengelly is Barney, stay away! Let's go play some, Hickory sticks suck!

Closing: Markle: Don't date my sister! Ravi: you suck. Golding: Pete Smith is here. Aaron: I drove today, Mageek: Hot dog! I wanna be a beef bovillon. Orlando: I loved Backdraft, and hated Citizen Kane. Gage: It's scrumpy time, Skalinsky, Geredere: Pudens is dead, so is BMW. My last word is Where the hell is my BLAZER? GGRRANGRY!!!!

James Clarkson



The education I received at RSGC brings the words of Lord Byron to mind: "He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,

And how to scale a fortress — or a nunnery."

Thanks to Mr. O. GABL, Big Red, The Good Doc, JK (both), Mr. H, Mr. P, JRL and anyone else who helped explain the seemingly inexplicable.

Best of luck and success to the following: Messrs. Aaronson and Smith, Doogie,

Spark, Phil, The Nicks, Gord, Brian, Kev, Julio, Fraz and anyone who ever made me smile, explained OAC chemistry, offered support during one of my frequent anxiety attacks or helped me to overcome any of my numerous shortcomings. I love you all.

A special thanks to Mom, otherwise known as Monique, without whom I would be lost. Although I didn't always show it, I appreciate your sacrifice, and will make you proud of me, with or without the big expensive universities.



Alexander Evis



Thank you Sparky for the birthdays, the House and always being there. Julian — that guy's crazy! We gotta talk! Love poem R.I.P. Thank you Fraz and Gord for always being able to sense the bull — I don't think you realize how many times you saved me from stepping in it. Alex is a rough boy (He's also very cuddly). And without Phil I'd still be in the South of France ordering omelette du fromages. Alex Evis — I bet he quotes from Conrad Black or Barfly or something. Thank you Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Orlando, and Mr. Timm for the unusual classes and allowing us to swear in them. Geo classes — what Geo classes? Thanks Mr. Rankin! Art class, "Get the chair, Mam's gone!" To Writer's Craft, I am eternally grateful. "Does uh, anyone have a shammy?" Art — "Get the fire extinguisher, Mam's gone!" Thank you St. George's. I'd love to stay another year, but I've really got to get out of the house.

"If you haven't got much soul left and you know it, you still got soul" — Charles Bukowski

Life is a series of doges — George Carlin

(Isn't this obvious?)

Douglas Frawley



The four years that I have been at RSGC now seem to have flown by, but they have been filled with many memorable occasions that I will remember for the rest of my life.

I would like to thank all the teachers, especially Mr. Pengelly, Dr. Skalinski, Mr. Van Herk and Mr. Nakatsu. Although we've said, "When are we ever going to use this stuff?" I know we will and I am grateful for it.

I would like to thank everyone in grade 13 and wish you all luck and success in your future careers. Special thanks to all the great friends I have made at Bayview C.C. (Jen, Steph, Carrie and L.D., you're the best.).

Last but not least, I would like to say a big thank you to all my family who have been there to continually support me.

Simon Holford

P.S. Rob, you can have them when I'm done with them.



Thanks to the school for all that it did for me, (thanks to the St. George's mass transit (the Renault) for not breaking down on me too often, and especially to all my friends whom I owe a lot to. To list them all wouldn't take much space, but I'd rather thank them in person, besides, I'd probably forget someone. Good-bye, good luck, and it stalled by itself.

Chris Holteng



It's eight years, and six blazers later, and I'm out of here. Memories: Norval, BB, bumslides, Stan, chapel (or not), ski team, trip week, Adam and Carla, Castor Gras, Hades, Semis, The Cup, and oh, so much more. Thanks to my friends who helped me through, my parents (all of them) for sending me here, my teachers, the cuppies, Aerosmith videos, and all the girls I've loved before.

It's the end of the world as we know it and I feel fine — R.E.M.

Slider — you stink.

— J. Keenan in his role as a renegade history teacher

You can't handle the crosswalk!!!

— Ancient Chinese proverb
Simon Isbister
Later, y'all

Waleed Jabshah



First of all, thanks Mom + Dad, Niall + Alison for all your support to get me through the past five years.

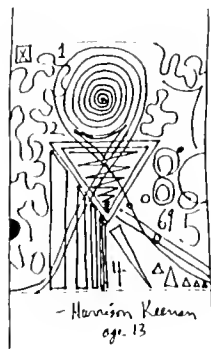
A few memories:

Panis Chess Pool Jacob Doc Magik Touques PARTIES Renault Stealing signs Clarkson's cottage Semi's SCS Excursions who's turn to buy coffee a/g dances salty seadog Latin are you gonna go my way grade 13 \$20 drum kit bagpipes forever smurf's chicken haggis soccer the pogues hairy legs Harvey's browney Ed Susan High Park saab whisky let's get drunk wee Andy Canada's wonderland solitaire flying solo gum press express what! mead vancroft dances March 27.

A final thanks to everyone for all the good times, especially James, Mooshu, Ernie, Ego, Mousetrap, Piller, Neyfreak, all the grade 13's and most of all Sidney.

And to everyone else I didn't mention I leave you with this, Let's get drunk, and in the immortal words of Shane MacGowan, "POG MA HONE."

Bruce Jardine (Boozer)



"So long as society is founded on injustice, the function of the laws will be to defend injustice. And the more unjust they are, the more respectable they will seem." — Anatole France
 "Everybody knows where the good people go but where we're goin baby ain't no such word as no." — WHAM
 "Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events/and in today already walks tomorrow." — Samuel Coleridge
 "There is nothing I can think that I haven't done before." — Nirvana
 "Silence is one of the hardest things to refute." — Josh Billings
 "I've changed by staying the same." — Pearl Jam
 "When the candles are out all women are fair." — Plutarch
 "She was reaching for it but she couldn't find it. She thought it was my leg." — Anon
 "Never put off til tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow." — Mark Twain
 "A woman drove me to drink and I never had the courtesy to thank her." — W.C. Fields
 "I am not afraid of tomorrow for I have seen yesterday and I love today." — W.A. White
 "Hellos + goodbyes, that's what it's all about." — Air Canada:
 I'm outta here. **Harrison Keenan**



Now that RSGC is rid of me, I'd like to thank a few people: Mom, Dad, Suswy, Simon, Kelly, Norm, Dan A., Taco, Etc. (I can't forget Doogi, Papy, Cleo and Mike Rotch)! Also, my thanks to everyone at RSGC!

Unfortunately, I have no earth-shattering words of wisdom. I do have, however, a few messages: Dave: Move to the end of the bench before he gets a shotgun; Aaron: Chocolate sauce and handcuffs (!!); Colin: Get out of the way, I'm trying to drive home; Simon: Say . . . your girlfriend's pretty cute, everyone else: Use the software!

Good luck everyone, and if you need me, I'll be the guy standing on his head
 "Words are weapons sharper than knives, makes you wonder how the other half die." — Devil Inside; INXS (Who Else???)

Rob Kenedi (That's one "n" and an "i")

P.S. Did you hear the joke about . . . ?



I always thought that I would know exactly what to say for my grad quote, but now I find that my mind is numb.

I'd like to thank a lot of people:

Firstly, Mom and Dad for everything they've done for me. Also Craig for all you and your friends have taught me.

Thanks to Huey, Zarb + Matt for the JJ lunches and talks, Bo, Phil + Nick. The freaks and Co. Pillager, Dave, Rusty + Wrinkles. Thanks to Randar and our friend Sam. Doug + Julian for the laughs, Anik + Aaron. The Megs for everything. Dave for memories past and future. Neil + Zamy. The Evil Triplets, Slick and James. Tim + Ed. Niggel, BVP + all my SCS friends. I'd also like to thank Big Red + Gage for all your help.

Also, special thanks to Debbie for everything you've done for me. Fly with the whisper of an angel's wings. Much of who I am, I owe to you. Thank you

"And we'll drink but not to forget, but to remember instead, all our happy years." — Lowest of the Low

Jeremy King



Oh Man! So much to say, so little time! I can't believe we're done guys! Well, to begin with, I have to thank my parents for the tremendous sacrifices they've had to deal with to get me through five unforgettable years at RSGC. Though I may not always (O.K. hardly ever) show it, I love both of you and I will never forget your dedication to my future. Thank you Mom and Dad.

Now to Julian, Jeremy, Kevin, Cam, Brian, Phil, Matt, the guys in the grade 13 room, and to the countless other grads; guys you're the best friends a Huey could ever ask for! Stay in touch, guys — always. Don't forget your family of RSGC grads '94 — you'll never see a bunch of guys like us ever again. To all the staff and friends at RSGC, your dedication to the students of this school is unmatched anywhere! Thanks for the preparation that will last a lifetime.

And to the big guy upstairs — thanks for everything you've given me — we'll talk soon.

Later guys

P.S. To Matt Madigan — for the fides and all the talks — The Man.

Huey Lee



"Out of chaos comes order." It's been five great years since my arrival at RSGC. During that time I have proven that quote to be an absolute fallacy. Memories: Bodhu, Montreal, Minnis, Amazon, Quebec — "Why won't the toilets flush?" Bolton, McD's, FBS, Gary, Greeko, Marrino, Rypien it up, Hitt C, Pederson, JCO, NY, Ich bin ein Berliner, Shakespeare — "Chucks dig it," Today's Isms, Sandy let's war, Satchu, I cheezio O, Guys that's mean, Pontificating, ISAA hockey Oh, so close, Win just because we're Canadian, Americans fight in packs, Few Good Men, Remember Calculus is a subject best appreciated at 4 A.M. Thanks to my teachers and coaches for standing by me, ELP, BP, CD, NUH, PO, DL, JK, MP, and all the rest. Sunday, Satch, Earn, kids, Bolts etc., I "Gage" you all.

Thanks Mom, Dad and Anna for all your love and support, without which I wouldn't have made it. "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. It is, perhaps, the end of the Beginning." (Winston Churchill).

David Lindberg



It is hard to believe that several years ago I was one of forty new boys in grade seven at RSGC. I now look back and wonder where all the years have gone. Was it not just months ago that I was stuck in a clog up, or telling "Pizza Party?" All the great times that I've had are now pleasant memories, never to be forgotten. Who could ever forget Ntolo's?

It's impossible to make it through high school alone, and I'd like to thank those who made my life so much more enjoyable and manageable. First of all, Mom, Dad, and Jamie, who not only inspired me to do my best, but also helped me achieve my numerous goals. To my closest friends, Melissa, Mark, Cam, Huey, Gord, Brian, Julian, Fraser, Matt, Nick, Alex, Alex, Phil and Doug, Hollyburn — what great summers! Finally, thanks to all the staff and students of RSGC who made education an enjoyable experience. It's strange to think that my days at St. George's are over and I must move on.

Thanks for everything.

Kevin Lint



Nine years is a long time to be in one place, but in this case it was worth the torture. I would like to take this chance to thank the teachers who had a large impact on my education: Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Orlando, Mr. Paulin, Mr. Van Herk, Mr. Foxmeister (the man), and the guy with the bad jokes, Mr. Schreiner. Royal St. George's has given experiences to me which few are lucky to get — be it traveling across the world on class trips or choir tours, or simply just playing music in the school's many productions. Thank you, RSGC. I have made many friends here, and I would like to say goodbye. To Anik: see you next year, Simon. Bay Watch is only a TV show. Rob. See ya. Calc. Nerdy. JFK. May your future clubs be as successful as ours, also. CR, NR, SC, DL, DN, JC, SV, KC, FM, RJ, HK, and BJ. I will never forget this school and the people in it. Good bye RSGC, take care.

P.S. I would like to thank my girlfriend who even though she didn't go to this school offered me great support in all I did. Thanks NS.

Aaron Macanniel





I have spent more than half of my life at this school (please excuse spares and sick days), and from these years come countless fond memories. There is not enough space to mention them all, but I have, for your reading pleasure, comprised a brief list of the outstanding ones: Lip syncs, the cup, Pete's cottage and blue telephone, my summer with Vicki, retard math, Betsy's "Meals", Christmas evil, fem, Geraldo with Kiki, parties at Rich's house, Pances, Semi's (sorry Liv), Quebec City, Gabby's with Jer, redeye, cuddling.

It is the people I have grown to know that have made these memories as special as they are. Thanks to: JF, Andy, Daragh, Pete, Jordy, Ad, Prior, Adam, Mills (I want my hand back), Brian, Tim, Alex, Doug, Julian (Geo was wicked), Kevin (screw you), the prefects, Melissa, and Laura (Norge).

Further thanks to John and Barb Keenan for their continued love and support, Mr. Schreiner for being so darn funny, JRL, Mr. P, NVH, Mrs. Mustard, and Gage, who made the rough days so much better.

Special thanks to Tory, Julie, Sam (see you at camp), Fat kid, Neil Young, Nick, who says little but means "Gimme another," Mark Hamilton (great summer chats), and of course to my family.

Fraser, too much to say except, "Thanks for everything." Too sensitive? I win!

Gord Macey



Here is a short list of memories from my years at RSGC: the summer of grade 10 (party at Rich's?), Doug's cottage (more wine!), Senior B-ball, the PJ fiasco with "slapmaster B", Semis with Julie, and movies and cuddling with the ladies.

I would like to thank the following people for making a difference in my life: Showboat, Doug, Kevin, Julie, Tory, Nick, Sam, Bronwyn, Mark, Eric Clapton, Johnny Winter, and especially Gord for being such a good friend. I love you all.

A special thanks goes out to my Mom, Dad, and big brother James.

Fraser Macfarlane



Well my time at RSGC is finally up! I've had a great five years at the school. I've enjoyed participating on the U16 basketball team, senior badminton (it was pretty ugly), senior basketball and of course senior volleyball (well, at least we were good in practice).

I would also like to thank my parents, my brother Marcel, and my sister Melissa, for all the love and support they have given me over the years. Like to thank my friends Fats, Greekie, Sundae, Cheezie, Spark, Frasier, Julian, Ernie, Sharpshooter (lucky at the library) and of course Bolts.

Thanks to my teachers, Mr. Van Herk, Mr. Paulin, Mr. Keenan, Mr. Cooper, Mr. D'Arcy, Father Hill, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Love, and Nak, who have taught me and have made my stay at RSGC a memorable one.

It's sad to say good-bye to a place that has taught me so much. Thanks RSGC for everything you have done for me.

P.S. The Kid will live on!

Andreas Merath



Many a thing has happened in my five years at Royal St. George's, for instance, I gained the right to buy pornography. YEAH! Outside my access to adult literature, my years at SGC have been filled with strange situations and stranger people (of which I feel I must include myself). To all those that I corrupted in any way, trust me you're better for it. Mooshu: No man with a good car needs be justified. Homey + Ravi, my brother got a brand new chemistry set, let's talk. Dave, I saw Throw Mamma from the Train, we got plans to make. Bruce you are forever the capt. of this U-boat. Press, the Doe (slap!) is in! Ernie: don't worry about burning out, it'll just make you more like the rest of us. To all of you who think I'm just oats, hay and a hussy in hooves, I would just like to say: "NNEYYYYY!!!" For those that I leave behind remember this, life is like tennis, when the ball is in your court, PLAY IT! Determined not to use a U2 or Beatles quote, I give you this: "Screw that, forget about that, I don't want to think about anything like that."

— Therapy?

(Because everyone knows I need it)

Dan Neysmith





Seven years, a long time, a lot of money. It's been an amazing time in which I've made some great friends. I owe my sanity and intelligence to my best friends ACWJ and KRM who have never failed to amuse and inspire me. You have both changed my life incredibly, thanks to my family, Mom, Dad, Cooe, Annu, Meralia, Kelly, John, Chesney. Special thanks to Granny, who made it possible for me to attend such a great school. Thanks to all my wicked friends, Doogie, Evis, Spark, Brian, E-E, Julian, Matt, Kevin, Nick ' Cam, Jer,

Pooner, Fraz, Les, TB, Eddie, Mel, Tara, Chunk, et al. Thanks Brindsley, Aristotle, Game Man, Will, and to the clever men who gave me the chance to experience all of them. Mr. Dennerle and Mr. Holdsworth. You have truly saved me from myself. Thanks to everyone else who have made my years at RSGC enjoyable and memorable.

"Nothing can bring back the hour of splendour in the grass."

"I trust —
I don't know why
like a child, like a very old man



What's over the hill
And out past the islands
Aul Wiedersehen. A Bientot
Philip Pace



MA + TM, RTP, launching shopping carts, Robin Stewart, I cutz for you, swearing priests, Homey, trying to tip cows, Clog-ups, air guns, The Magic Touques, Chp. 14 Pet Semetary, lunch program, poke the pot, Dan's Diner, Extrapolate, Damos, weird section, Nosey, Tree Tortures, ball's in your court, Saab, havoc at Havergal, amazing grace, XT's, I'm too sexy, Bolton capture the flag, naked lady next door, tricky fricky, PS2, Kilcoo, flaming paper airplanes, Pamela!, moshing at semis, the cup, Puppy → Heldt, Universal Sound, Rolues Shop of Sex Toys, Christian camp, grade 12 Geo., Sherilyn, Havergal ladies,

Dunkley's Health Slides

Thanks to many people: Dave Craig, Nigel Dan, Chris, Ernie, Bruce, Jimmy, Colin, Jeremy, Beddington, Mr. Pederson, Dale, Jen, Miranda. Greatly too my parents and sisters.

I could not possibly thank each staff member, but would like each of you to know, I greatly appreciate everything you're done for me!

Time for a dark → depressing quote
"Push just a little too late;
so a push becomes a shove," C. Pillar



Five years of St. George's
My life has been wasted
Oh the pleasures of life
I have since then tasted.
Well, at least those five years are over now, so are a lot of other things:
Moshing to Lenny — the Touques —
Chess at Futures — Lynching Prefects
— searching for that perfect 14 year old (right James? Alex?) — Oh well...

Beer's been discovered
And I'm permanently drunk
My friends they all love me
But my grades have all sunk
Thanks to: C.L./Mousetrap/J.P./Horse/
K.W./CJ and KY/BVP/L. K./Watschin/
Mooncalf/K.A./Phyllis (12'')/P.F./Boozer/
C.M./Water/C.F./Ledrew(not!)/Nak
J.M./Magen/Becky/Scoot/Renan! (it's alive isn't it!)/Me, (trademark) Ego

comment)
Carleen, I love you and I expect to see you in a year
I'm all grown up now
I live with my wife
St. George's now is
a completely different life

Jamie Press



I have been at this school for nine interesting years. Painful but interesting from the Pusey brothers destroying Dr. Barlow's car to Shortlong, by the way stop effing calling me dinner 4 one! It has been a fun, final year watching Watson getting the beats from everyone and destroying the grade 13 room. Harry Keenan, Harry Keenan. If it wasn't for Mr. Love getting my university bump together for me, I would be here another year. Thanx Gage!

I still haven't had a full double of Mr. Rankin. So! Hey CJ stop beating up Watson. The freaks are coming, the freaks are coming. Ego's getting pummelled by Rose. Damn Doctor Butz. Hey, the skits weren't bad, not good, but not bad.

Breckenridge was cool. Hey beaten paths are for the beaten men. Should have made it 2 Tommy Africa's at whistler.

Hey Randar, it's called editing, look into it. OAC art really sucks. Kick it over here, Pele

Richard Rayfield

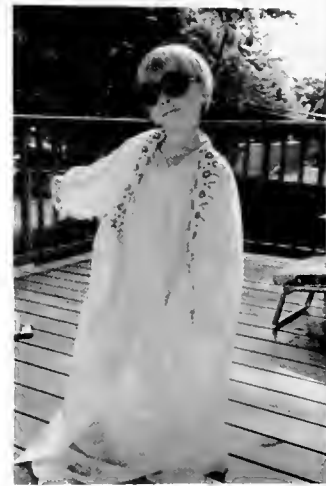




Well, it's over, the drive to the "end." Then the quest is complete (yuk); well, it was not all that bad. It was actually pretty good. There's a hell of a lot to remember. Well let's see, I'll start with grade 10. Quebec, drunkenness in Quebec & in parks, the clique is born, Toby's UCC butts in hidden places, Barrie P & French, England more drunkenness. Grade 11: Bark Lake, The Cup, the hill, more butts, semi's, Dana's parties, anette wicked summers, RCW of course, Etienne Brule, Under the Bridges, BSS, grade 13: No Exit, @#!%\$ — Mefaster, Drunkenness! (of course) Writers craft, the cup, AIDA's the clique R.I.P. GOD. There's so much I've forgotten, Gr. 11 weird march break homer walks Rosedale (Has to be mentioned) New Year's '93 Evro-bash dances (all of them no matter how awful) Kilcoo . . . Aww, screw it no point in tryin to cram it all in. A lot of good memories to come. Thanx to Mom & Dad Grant, Lolin S. Liam, Mr. Kerr, E. Timm, Barrie P. (They're all dead) Dave the clique, Annette, RCW, Davo, Matt, Geoff M. and everyone else. Sorry I didn't have enough room — but you know who you are & thank you. Finally, thank you, RSGC.

Remer

Chris Remerowski



Nine years is a very long time to stay at one place, but St. George's was a truly great place to spend it. Thank you RSGC. I would also like to thank all of my friends — you know who you are (Gord, Smith, Fraser, etc . . .). If you don't know, ask me.

Thank you to all my teachers who have made learning a pleasurable experience. And finally, thanks to my Mum, Dad and brother.

Though leaves are many, the root is one;
Though all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither in the truth.
—(W.B. Yeats: "The Coming of Wisdom with Time.")

Nick Robins



It's better to live, love, and drink, than to go to class, but somehow I still managed to go to class. Many interesting years have been had at RSGC. New York was a real party, but Rome was even bigger.

"Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds." — Albert Einstein

Thanks to all who got me to this point where life is just beginning to become real. All memories will not be forgotten. The Jagasia connection rules!

I'd like to end with something really intelligent, but who reads these things anyway?

Cameron Rose



Five years and fifty thousand dollars ago, I entered Royal St. George's College for the first time. During that time I was educated by the best of the best. I would like to thank Mr. Orlando, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Van Herk, and Mr. Paulin for all the opportunities it presented — he it the World Affairs Conference, the trips across the country, or the debating activities the school hosted. To my graduating class, I wish them the best of luck in their future endeavours. To Aaron, Simon, Craig and Jeremy — I hope you get everything you want in your journey ahead! To all of you who are left behind, I offer this quote from Otto Van Bismarck: "To youth I have but three words of counsel — work, work, work." And finally, I would like to end my career at Royal St. George's with a quote from Albert Einstein: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science."

Anik Sane





Ten great looonnnng years:
 Quotes: LDC, KMA, you're fat,
 VUDD, SAABB, silly Kenyan, Ner-
 dasaurusrex, run the limit, Rypien to

Clark, ridiculous Lidstrom, Brent Fredyk, Juneau what I'm Tocchet about, shots to the lower back, poke pottage, I guy Jor-got, wanna know me gotta go me, Chee-zie don't pontificate — speak with pom-pous authority, ditsasha, see yah wouldn't wanna be yah, bhadoo, yes guy!, hungry hungry luppo, heh heh.

Memories: tree tortures, hyper spazes, allnite calc, football spares, Vega, pro-line, pools, floor + ball hockey, OHIP, baseball days, U14 Soccer ISAA, Bolton: MVP, 7-11, twix bars, football; NY: Yan-kee brawl, last place Rangers; Vancou-ver, olympics, Jays world series, sneak-ing into the Skydome.

Thanks Students: Pete the Greek, Joe Reekie, Big Fattie, Beardy, Green Shme, park, beach, Spam, you're slow, affie, wiks, Nick, NixsnBolts, Bulldog, Tigh-tend, boltage, Dave, Trevor Linden, Cheezie, Pythons, Lazy eye, OHIP, En-ergizer, Sandy, sunday, Batatony, Wrong' Ernie, Horny, Spark, Omar, Lak-ha Teachers: Big O, Big Red, Polish Freak, VanHuge

Special thanks Mom + Papashango — the best Remember, everything re-olves around sports, Dougie is God, all hail to Dougie, Redskins rule and I'm an-noying as hell.

Feizal Satchu



"When I look back on all the crud I learned in high school . . . It's a wonder I can think at all!"

This tune seemed to echo through the school along with all the other familiar sounds of RSGC. From volleyball and skiing to Skalinski's accent and D'Arcy's math slang, there is more to school than the "crud" we learned in class. Thanks to all those who helped make life in my final two years of high school easier, including my mother, Mr. Pengelly, Mr. Love, and my fellow grads. Some of the memories with which I leave RSGC include Colin Watson's absurd stories, Kiddy (the left hand gun), Peter Ollen (rock's the cradle) and Nosey in the trees above Kilecoo. From Magee's antics in grade 12 English and Geography to Slarckson's intuition with Smurf's, and the chemistry milk incident, RSGC will always be remembered!

Chris Shannon



St. George's is a great institution because of the warmth and quality of its people, and I feel privileged to have been a part of it. It has taught me how to learn and how to appreciate the best in people. The friends I have found here are the best I have known. Though I may not have always shown it, I care for you all very deeply. I will never forget you, or the adventures we shared.

Thanks to Phil, whose friendship has been a rock, Tim and Gord, who made everything better, Doug for his warmth and generosity, Alex, whose drive inspired me, Nick for his trust and the fun we had, Matt and Sparky for being good friends, and to Stern and Renner for being Stern and Renner. Thanks also to the teachers who guided and be-lieved in me, and taught me more than I ever imagined them capable of. Good luck Ed and Blake, God doesn't seem to be around so, I guess I'll take the liberty of blessing you.

Thank you, Mom and Dad, for your love and support. Thank you all for everything.
 Like a bird on the wire,
 Like a drunk in a midnight choir,
 I have tried in my way to be free.

— Leonard Cohen

Alex Smith

Well, my five years at RSGC have finally come to an end and many fond memories come readily to my mind. Among the more prominent are grade 9 math, Pillar's farm, sports world, lunch in room 2, New York, the weird section, clayball in the art room, the lunch program (yeah right), capture the flag in Bolton, golf team, Image, the TTC and of course Lenny and the grade 13 room.

Among the teachers who helped in my vast education, thanks you all, especially Mario, Big Red, Mr. Van Herk, Nak, Peddy, Mr. Keenan, Mrs. Grieve and Dr. Skalinski (grade 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13) AAAGGGH!!

I would like to thank Dave A. Chris Piller, Nigel Stein (NIGG — no, I won't say it), Simon H. (Lamey Fish), Anik, Aaron, Ernie and Feizal, Huey, Duey, Luey, Jo Li and everyone who I ever shared a HA with, talked to about the Simpsons, or even said "Hi" to in passing. I wish you all the best of luck in the coming years.

Last of all I would like to thank my family who supported and encouraged me through the last five years.

Craig Stait-Gardner





Mousetrap thanks: Family, Jampot, Clarkson, Booze Jardine, Aaron, Crazy Andy, Mooshoo, Freaks (you know who you are), Arth Guinness, Ego, Chapman of the Geoff Variety, and other grade



Hey, Dylan! Well, it's been seven years. Boy, does time fly! Many things have happened during those years, far too many to mention. I'd just like to thank those who made my seven years



I know that in my 6 years at RSGC I have learned and developed a lot. I must thank all of the physically abusive Gr. 13s, CJ & KY helped me realize how hard it is

It has been a cool three years. I would like to take this opportunity to apologize for a few of my crimes and misdemeanours, including: throwing chocolate pudding at Nordin in English class; New York, including the hallway and room that got trashed; the mess at the Weston Harbour Castle; James Berry's car; shooting the fire extinguisher in the artroom; Bolton, including the Bible burning, cow tipping at Piller's cottage; some wench from Lawrence whose table got defiled; defiling a bowl full of pot-pourri after a Havergal dance; burning a haystack at St. Clement's; the stuff that happened at Carr's house (which he does not know happened); the run-in with the pigs after Pat's birthday; the incident at a wedding last summer; and for all the projectiles I ever threw, including a picnic table into a pool, various furniture into another pool, that stuff off the 25th floor of a hotel, all the food in Ketchum Hall, the assorted sub and ravioli at a Branksome Semi, and the smoked salmon, yogurt, jello, millions of eggs and one big boulder at a certain girl's Rosedale residence. I hope everyone realizes that it was all in good fun. Thanks to everyone at St. George's for the great times, you're all dudes.

tens, BlakusMahlke, vampires, Ed, Alex, debating, Chris Remerowski, Gibber, Phil Pace for Writer's Craft humour and weird telepathy regarding Rayfield's? Stories? Vampires, yes. Strawberries please, Colin. Special thanks to: Europe, Magee family, good music, Stephana, The Smiths, the future, vampires, King Leer.

Tee-hee-hee-you-can't-catch-me: Smurfette, WHt, Doggie & Norwegian Minis, Maltesians, May 1? Jasmine/has-been, ruby/booby, the graveyard shifter, vampires, Habner/Rambo/Hamburger,

here fun, "exciting & new/Come aboard, we're expecting you . . ." Sorry, well my life at RSGC wouldn't have been the same without Enid Smitty, Dougie, Matty, Sparky, Fraz, Flinter, Rose, Nicky Pie, Evis, Phil, Big O, Nosey, NVH, Shreiner, JRL, Mr. Timm, Kerr (Argh Matie!), Pengelly, Love, Ackley, Evans & Dunkley and the rest of the teaching staff. A special thank to Hooley & Rudy who made the trek from Mississauga to school everyday less boring. Thanks guys! Some highlights that will never be forgotten of my RSGC career are Nittolo's, Bolton, The "Love Poem," Fagnet, that night in Victoria with those two Hicks, BP

to beat up homophobic hockey goons. Thank you to all of my extended family, Robin, Tessa, RK (Mike Hunt), Homey (I'm baking an effing cake), DA (boxing helena) 12" CP (69, rear entrance), Renault, 7-11, Shortlongs, Lenny & Ronald, Ego, Dinner 41, Scary Harry, Mousetrap, Jimmy the Freak, BVP, GP, GS, NAK, super Mario and of course Kiki & the apartment dwellers from NJ. Memories — Aerial artroom chairs, clog-up!, Quebec "convenience" stores, NYC hotel

in Burlington, "Someone give me a flashlight now!" A few more people I'd like to mention are Poon, Hal, Fudge, Bruiser, and Piller for his party with the Christian Camp. I'd like to thank my family for their support & especially my dad . . . Rockin' Ronnie . . . Love ya' dad! Q: Professor! What's another word for pirate treasure? A: Well I think it's Bootty. — Beastie Boys
Julian Thornbury

rooms & Chris S. on elevator shaft. Magee — Point Break is still a movie classic, GABL — SGC is the key to life, yes? Boozer — a great time, but hey man, that's just my take on it. "Burning light, shining bright, annihilating the darkness in my brain, you see me, staring through to my soul, and you might think that I am insane, and you might be right. — Rollins (the Pretentious)
— Watson '94
Colin Watson

A-man-do'er/Canada/Hamanda/Ham-on-'da-rye/Fandango, Anne McMaster, Etcetera . . . "The Future is now" — Blake Markle

"Show me a man who lives alone & has a perpetually clean kitchen & 8 times out of 9 I'll show you a man with detestable spiritual qualities." — Charles Bukowski
I am the greatest poet the world has never known.

David M. Sterin, Esq.



Adam Wood



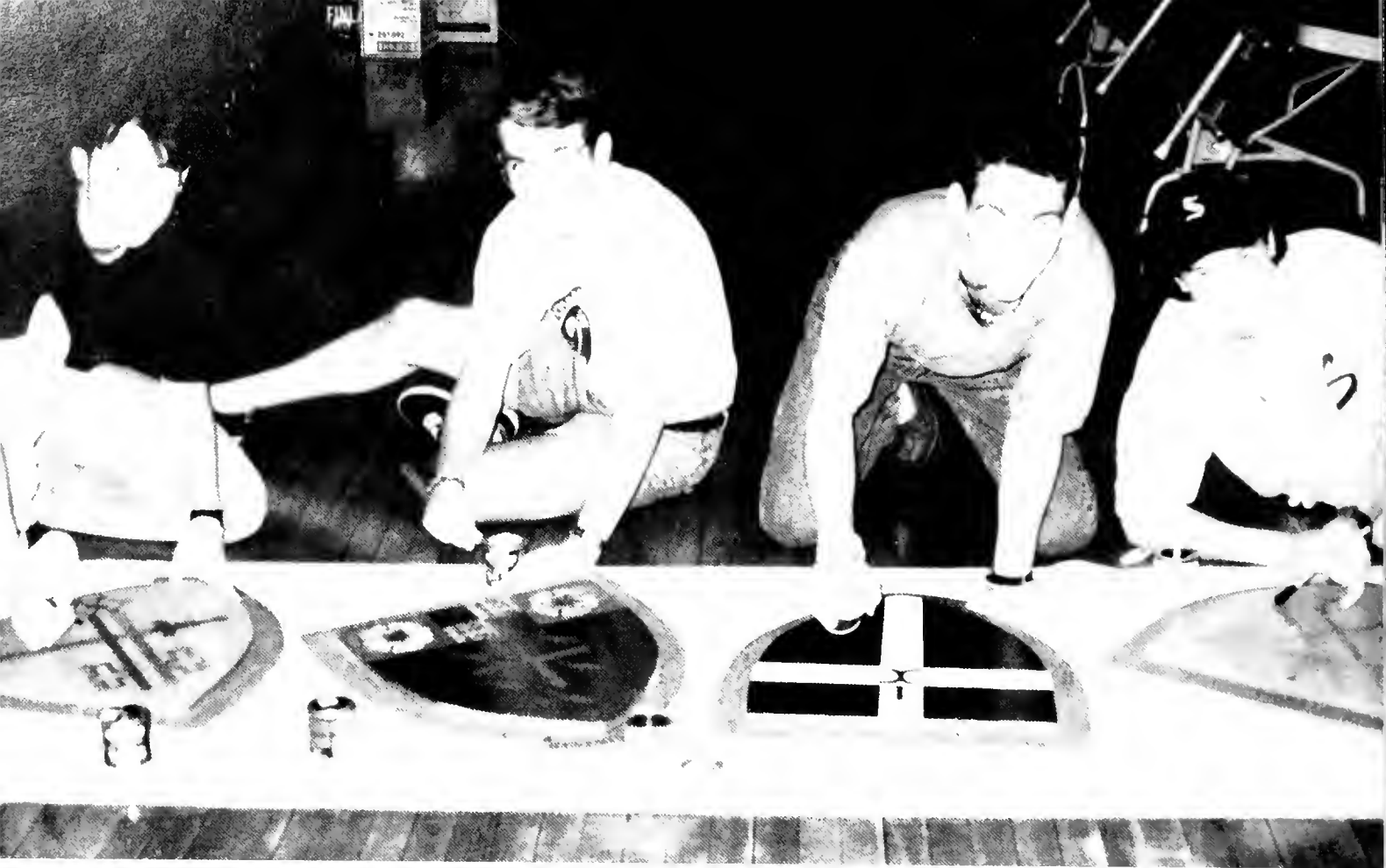
It's over, and not a moment too soon. Who da thought that a lazy bum like me would make it through? I'd like to thank the students who made RSGC bearable: Stan, Grate, a Dead End, just wouldn't be the same without you. Special thanks to Mr. Jerry Huey and Nick for those great afternoon matches, and Mr. O, Big Red, Mr. Love, Deb, Mel, Roz, Mac, Mon, and Dan. I don't want much, just a roof over my head, and a Hand in the driveway.

Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing worth knowing can be taught.

Oscar Wilde

Chris Zarb





HOUSES

YORK BEST OVERALL

House Captain Mark 'Sparky' Andersen, York House, accepts the J.L. Wright House Trophy on behalf of his house, which won most points in 1994-95 (left).

This year the house system was fostered in Senior School to a greater degree than had been the case. Every activity was organized by house and points were awarded for all activities. There were several visible ways of promoting house spirit. First, lockers were assigned by house. Secondly, each student wore a house shield pin on his blazer or shirt. Thirdly, house members sat together in Chapel rather than by grades, as had been done before. The purpose of these changes was to create an environment in which each boy would strive to achieve his personal best.

Opposite top, the house captains: Douglas Frawley (Winchester), Nick Blanchette (Westminster), Julian Thornbury (Canterbury) and Mark Andersen (York).

Other pictures show a ball hockey game in the House League, where York are facing off against Canterbury.



HOUSE MARSHALS



Alex Evis (Canterbury)



Ernest Chan (Westminster)



Brian Bobechko (Winchester)



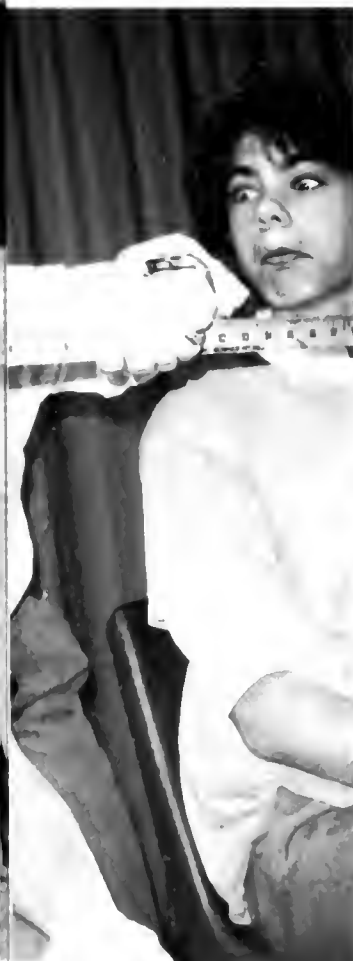
Alex Smith (York)



HOUSES



One of the Junior School house contests was a chocolate pudding contest. Mr. Hutchison had enough fun and bravery to take part. This is the follicularly challenged head!



Lots of events took place through the year and they are pictured on these and following pages. Far left are some pictures from a tug-of-war in September. Next, is Mike Stratton in a bubble-gum bubble contest. Above is a par-

achute-tossing contest, which took place in the fresh air and a useful link to the Marshals (top of page 32) and a School house activities.

CANTERBURY



Scott Yelle received the Guild Trophy



In the Grade photos:

Grade 13: back row: Julian Thornbury, Adam Wood, Simon Isbister, Jamie Press, David Alexander. Front row: Simon Holford, Alex Evis, Nicholas Robins, Jeremy King

Grade 12: back row: Ravi Jagasia, Thomas Simpkins, Erik Otema, Geoff McGrath, Matt Chubb. Front row: Eric Tsang, Scott Yelle, Grant Loveland, Hal Boshier.

Grade 11: back row: Geoff Mariani, Darren Stoyka, Andrew von Teichman, Taylor Armstrong, Matt Kelly, Tim Pacaud. Front row: Matt Kenney, Drew Gulyas, Stephen Pratt, Malcolm Wilkinson, Adrian Press

Grade 10: back row: Tobias Milrose, Josh McKillop, George Bassel. Front row: Pankaj Bhatia, Dennis Chiu, Drew Pearson, Jake Thompson, Alex Moniz-Brown.

Grade 9: back row: Greg Rosocha, Michael Kelly, Michael Barnicke, Jamie Robertson, Peter Metzger, Mark Otema, Thomas D'Arcy. Front row: David D'Onofrio, David Robinette, Stef Waschuk, Brett Grantham, Alastair Kellett, Peter Koven, Alexis Irvine



HOUSES



Pankaj Bhatia, best in Grade 10



Mr. Thornbury, Julian's father, friend of the school and honorary athletics coach



"STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE,

banana split
We make the other teams look like 'sheep dogs'! Sheep dogs, sheep dogs, and a mutt
Canterbury's going to kick some butt!"

Canterbury didn't quite live up to the standard that was set by our cheer, but we did manage to give York and West a *great* run for their money. It was a great year for Canterbury. Granted we placed third overall, but we were able to win some floor hockey events, baseball at lunch, house drama; and we really cleaned up in Ketchum Hall!

Canterbury's house spirit reached a high that I had never seen since 1989 and it was great to see such enthusiasm, excitement and effort.

Now, the following are the three most often-used expressions by the members of Canterbury when asked to do Ketchum clean-up.

- "Hey, look over there" (Then they'd run away)
- "What, me? What do we pay the custodians for, then?"
- "What are you talking about? I just did clean-up two months ago!"

All in all, Canterbury did have a great year, especially in gaining back that house spirit that was so important to all of the members of our house (and to the members of the other houses as well)

Thank you guys, you made my final year here at the school a great one and a



memorable one as well
And, by the way, Sparky
Congrats, bud!
Julian W. Thornbury

WESTMINSTER

I GUESS IT WAS just not meant to be. But, second place ain't bad. In



fact, it is pretty darned impressive. In past years, second would not have been good enough. However, this year we had to earn every point that gave us that second place finish.

We knew, coming into this year, that West had all the qualities of a great athletic house, but that that might not be enough. We were going to have to refine our talents in areas such as debating and drama. Also, personal house points were going to determine the eventual champion. So, now might be a good time to congratulate all

members of York house. You did it: you beat us. But, don't get too cozy up there on top.

The best thing to come out of this year is the level of spirit within West. Everyone has contributed, and our white shirt has been worn with pride. We have formed an excellent rivalry with York. We invariably met in the finals of lunch time competitions. We faced off in both junior and senior basketball finals and in the senior hockey final. All I have to say is, Move over "Hockey Night in Canada" — and N.B.A. — this week there is a new rivalry in town.

My time as Westminster house prefect is up, but I know that Dave will do an excellent job this year (Bring on the fork!). Special thanks to Mr. Cooper for his spirit and support. Thanks to all the members of Westminster for electing me and then for all your enthusiasm. Best of luck next year and in years to come.

Remember, regardless, we are the BEST!

Nick Blanchette

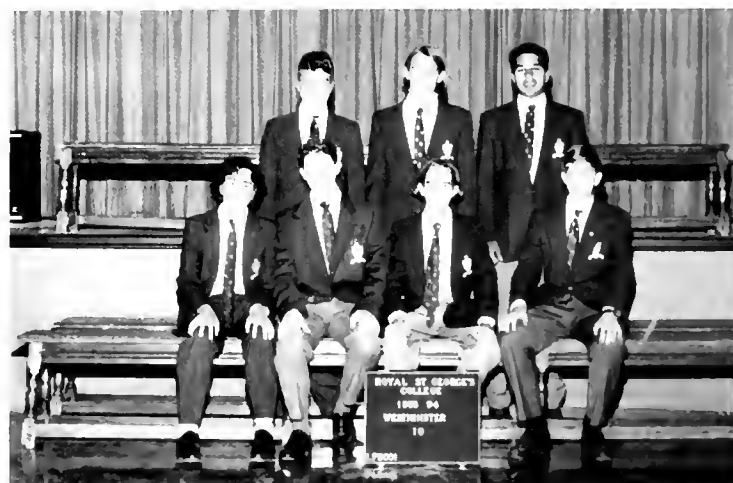
(To Julian, Sparky, and Doug: thanks for all your time and effort in making this system work. And to summarize, I can attribute some of our successes to the colour purple and Speedy Gonzales!)



Right: Brian Pho receives the Grade 10 Cayley Math Contest medal from Mr. Van Herk.



Jamie Lint scored the highest number of personal points



HOUSES



Andreas scored 550 and helped paint the College in July 1994



BELOW ARE THE NAMES of the Westchester House members by grade:
 Grade 13: back row: David Lindberg, Craig Stuart, Graham Eccles, Nicholas K. Lint, James Clarkson, Andreas Merath, Amy Sarge, Elizabeth W. Goss, R. Nicholas Blanchette, Brian Carr, Chris Heston, Eric C.
 Grade 12: back row: Andrew Austin, John Mager, David V., Ronaldson. Front row: Omar Raham, Paul, Ernest, Eric, Kevin, N. B.
 Grade 11: back row: John Pennal, Andrew Mager, Chris George, Peter McCague, David Dewees. Front row: Nisha N., David, Dick B., Andrew Cook, Randy Depso, Brenda, John.
 Grade 10: back row: Peter Wharton, Tony Goss, Robert W., Engle, Robert Bell, Tyler Hasen, David C., Grade 9: back row: Michele Adams, Oliver R., Mark Ham. Front row: Philip B., Merith, Justin Kutik.

WINCHESTER



Gavin Bee receiving the Intermediate Geography award



BELOW ARE THE NAMES of the Wincastrians in the Grade photos.

Grade 13 back row Huey Lee, Doug Frawley, Sandy Cameron, Harrison Keenan, Mairaj Ahmed. Front row Nicholas Kwong, Brian Bobeckho, Matthew Aaronson, Chris Zarb.

Grade 12. Sandy McNab, Aaron Thompson, Mickey Dee, Geoff Golding, Curtis Carter. Front row Chris Palalas, Matt Sack, Marcus Ho, Matt Madigan, Philip Hardie.

Grade 11 back row Jamie Frawley, Jason Pantalone, Peter Labanez, Kelson Cheng. Front row Jim Bunting, Ashley Perreault, Tony Bose, John Damanis, Krishna Heardwhite-Johiffe.

Grade 10 back row Asad Ladha, Jonathan Dawe, John Golding, Michael Victorovich, Bo Williams, Robert Evans, Justin Hartwell, Rafe Calderisi. Front row Derrick de Kerckhove, Graham Wright, Fraser Adams, Ian Roberts, Christopher Petrie, Wade Fox, Noah Waisberg.

Grade 9 back row Alexander Palalas, Ryan Mulvihill, Justin Estacion, Tim Adams, Paul Saumets. Front row Daniel Thomson, Chris O'Keefe, Anthony Kingsley, Andrew Dudgeon, Simon Cook-Roffey, Robert Sternberg.



HOUSES



Geoff Golding receiving the McDowell trophy for achievement



Aaron Thompson, Head Prefect elect, seen here in *Oklahoma*



Winchester House 1993-94

Overall house standing, second

Winchester was the house with the most Breakfast Club invitations (80% average at Christmas or 4% rise in average at March).

Proficiency award winners (80% or higher): Alexander Palalas, Daniel Thomson, Gavin Bee, John Golding, Derriek de Kerekhove, Asad Ladha, Michael Vitorovich, Graham Wright, Philip Hardie, Nicholas Kwong, Matthew Sack, Aaron Thompson, Matthew Aaronson, Brian Bobechko, Sandy Cameron, Harrison Keenan, Huey Lee.

Personal points scores of 550 or over in athletics, academics, debating, drama, intramurals or clubs: Fraser Adams, Gavin Bee, Sandy Cameron, John Damanis, Derriek de Kerekhove, Doug Frawley, Philip Hardie, Aaron Thompson, Michael Vitorovich, Graham Wright.



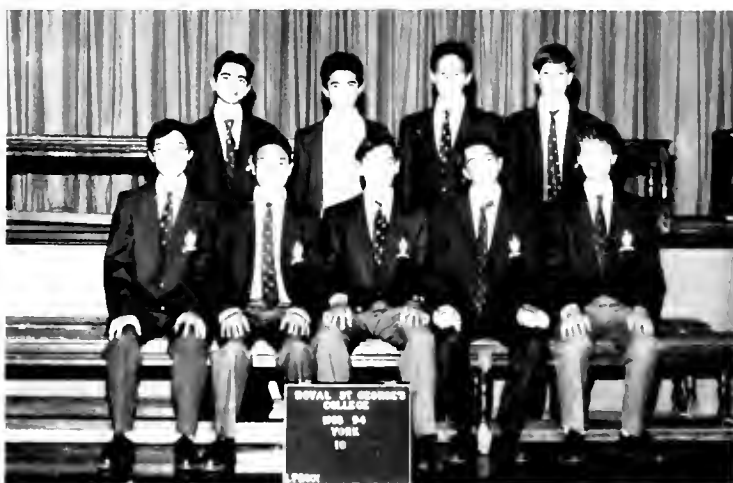


Philippe Bedard receiving the "overall best" award for French



BELOW ARE THE NAMES of the Eboraci in the grade photos.

Grade 13 back row Philip Pace, Aaron Macanuel, Fraser Macfarlane, David Sterin, Chris Shannon • Middle row Mark Andersen, Cameron Rose, Richard Rayfield • Front row Alex Smith, Robert Kenedi, Colin Watson, Waleed Jabsheh.
 Grade 12 back row Ed Conroy, Blake Markle, Shane Duff, David Gibbs. Front row Geoff Bellingham, Joseph Li, Austin Carter
 Grade 11 back row Andrew Sjögren, Philippe Bedard, Matt Rubinoff Front row Daniel Kircher, Dan Mudd, Bryce Carter, Oliver Zecha
 Grade 10 back row Netan Chaudry, Josh Burnett, Jason Taylor, Rob Burkett. Front row Henry Tam, Glenn Lou-Hing, Evan Schwartz, Greg Karout, Matt Morden
 Grade 9 back row Michael Doyle, Hatem Jabsheh, Stuart Coristine, Andrew Bryant, Mitchell Stamm, Quincy Lui, Josh McIvor, Michael Manning. Front row Miran Ternamian, Fraser Lamaki, Peter Levine, James Sutherland, Carr Hatch, Dan Campbell, Sam Gorenstein, Kendry Watson



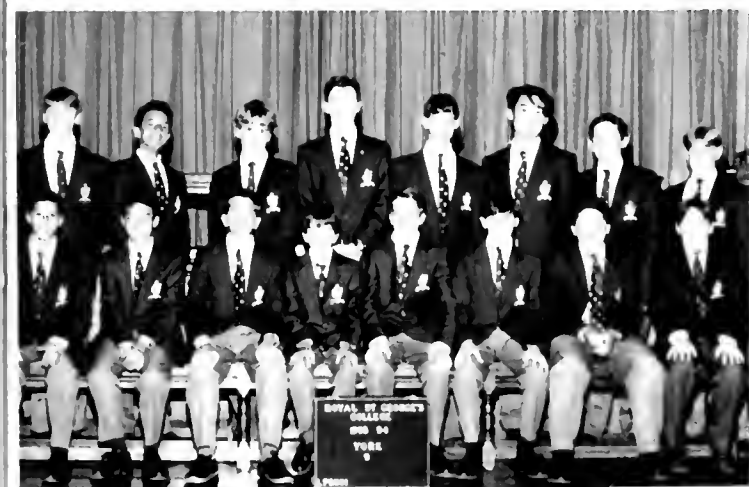
HOUSES



Cam Rose has been a stalwart in music as well as sport



Colin Watson at the registration desk on "Saucer" day



With a savage, animal-like scream of blood-lusting vengeance, tribal competition of the natives began. The warring tribes depended on the victory of matches, comparable to present-day lacrosse, that ensued relentlessly for days on end to solidify their tribal dominance. These men endured constant pain and suffering simply to carry a rabbit's skull through the forest to the other side. No rules binded these warriors, nor were they encouraged by big wage salaries and television contracts. Some may question why, with no reward of personal glory, would these men of men compete? I offer a simple reason. They fought, without hesitation, for the glory of the tribe. They fought for pride, for integrity, and for honour. Victory for the tribe was reward enough.

The unselfish and unending participation this year has brought a tear to this chief's eye. Memories of Paul Henderson in '72 filled my thoughts with our victory in Lunch Ball Hockey, as the game winner slid slowly by the sprawled Freniak. Lunch Baseball stirred up emotions only comparable to Winfield in '92 or Joe in '93. I conjure up images of Elliot Ness and the "Untouchables" when I am reminded of our Debating Squad and their impermeable shell of logic and persuasion. Think of our young debaters facing their first ever opening statement, feeling just as the young Canadian families felt as they gazed out upon the new homeland frontier of the Prairies in 1901. Acts of courage, like young tribesmen staying to help with Ketchum clean-up, draw heroic parallels to Bobby Baun's broken leg Game 7 overtime goal for the Leafs in '54. Let us not forget that with the thrill of victory comes the agony of defeat. This bitter pill was swallowed with our double-overtime loss to Westminster, but the determination and heart these young men displayed was remarkable.

Through it all, York's victory this

year was due solely to their instinctive Canadian character: pride, courage, and honour. It was because



of young men like this that Canada (a voluntary ally in WWII) endured the darkest hour of Dieppe and stormed the blood-stained beaches of Juno. It is why our football is played in sub-zero weather and only has three downs. It is why we won the 1972 Summit Series and the past two World Series. Pride, courage, and honour. These words are as Canadian as beaver pelts and Don Cherry. So when you think of getting involved with the House activities, try to find that Canadian, war-like savage deep inside your heart. Face every challenge like a Canadian, taking it like a man, standing toe to toe with anyone. York's dominance in 1994 of House league and debating was just a small example of what the Canadian spirit can overcome.

Mark Andersen

EIGHT W

8W In the year 2025

I had a dream and I saw ...

McCormick became a psychotic army officer (court-martialled twice; nothing proven). *Nagel* went "bonkers" in 1995 when Mr Hutch cracked his "I wear depends ..." joke once too often; he's now in a home. *Boland* became producer of, and actor on, "The All-new Saturday Night Live". Matt plays a hilarious character called "Mr Coordination". *Abraham* coughed his well-known, ghastly cough once too often in the presence of Mr McElroy, and was promptly "whipped to death with a wet noodle". *Anstey*? — Someone sneezed too close to him and sent him flying into a brick wall. He broke 137 bones.

Oh became a dancer, now renowned for bringing back Disco. *Gulyas* became an American Gladiator and named himself "Rhino". *Pyper* became a famous environmentalist and musician. *Langins* became Toronto's most famous street person. People actually ask him for his autographed picture. Naturally, he charges twenty bucks. *Donald* and *Adams* started the "Bring back 'Star Trek TNG'" organisation that now has thirty million members worldwide.

Wong became Terry Oh's sleazy manager. *Rueter* became a pro at welfare fraud. *Barrington* popularized "Ultimate Frisbee". *Bruce* became a famous chef now working in France, famous for his dish, "Boeuf à la Bruce". *Ho*? — Much to the chagrin of his parents, Hayden did not become a mathematician, but a Chippendale dancer instead. *Hui* has worked as a paper-weight.

Jones moved to Mexico City and was never seen again. *Sharma* became a noted sports broadcaster. *Bramer* eventually got the Government to lower the legal drinking age to 9 and to legalize other undesirable practices. *Walker* did well for himself, becoming a famous diplomat. *Fountain* miraculously made the Notre Dame football team as a field goal kicker. He was eventually dropped when, in the first game, he failed to make contact with the ball on Notre Dame's first field goal attempt.

Phillips became a noted Supreme Court justice, celebrated publicly for having sentenced *Michael Chen* to death. Chen was 'got' for jay-walking and sentenced to death by electric chair, by ...

Justice Timothy Phillips
("Thang ya, thang ya very much")



Terry goofing off again



Dougal the Bruce



(Grade 8W)

Back row: Matthew Donald, Dougal Bruce, Matthew Boland, Tim Pyper, Matthew McCormick, Tim Phillips, Damian Abraham, Lawrence Bramer. **Middle row:** Mr Wade West, Morgan Rueter, Matthew Barrington, Michael Anstey, Michael Chen, Andrew Jones, Michael Fountain, Terry Oh, Samuel Hui. **Front row:** Hayden Ho, Adrian Walker, Ken Adams, Tim Nagel, Geoffrey Cowper-Smith, Benjamin Sharma, Ryan Gulyas, Adrian Graham. **Absent for the photo:** Juris Langins, Derek Wong.



Butter wouldn't melt in our mouths



I like my icky creama



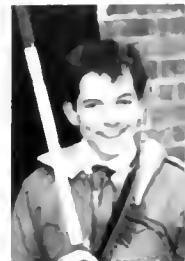
EIGHT H

Rob Clark has become the team's professional hockey player for the Ottawa Senators. *Andrew Davis* is a successful musician. *Josh Estacion* has become one of the best opera singers in Canadian musical history. *Chris Ford* is a professional snowboarder who has won many trophies and awards for Canada in the Olympics. *Duncan Gibson* is a very harsh but multi-millionaire judge living in England. *Adam Green* is an architect and designs many circular buildings in downtown Toronto; they make people dizzy. *Albert Ho* is a lawyer who has not lost a case yet. He has also opened up a chain of food stores.

Allan Humphries has become an excellent farmer who strikes oil and moves to Beverly Hills. *David Hwang* has been the top-ranked tennis player for the past two years. He is known for the fastest shot in all of tennis history. *Alexander Ince-Cushman* is a comedian in Toronto, known for his impersonations. *Adrian Kelly* is a businessman who has married Hutch's niece and run off to Hawaii for their honeymoon. *David Koo* is a researcher for NASA; he accompanies apes on special flights; he is happy in this career, having gotten over the disappointment at not being accepted in his first choice of career. French teacher *Jonathan Lee* is a math teacher in Liberia and has shown many people a different way of solving equations. He has also introduced the metric system to the country. *Daniel MacDonald* owns a cookie and cereal company with *Graham McLorie* and they have become millionaires. *Ted Meighen* follows in his father's footsteps and becomes a senator (government, not hockey). *Jonathan Millman* is a sports writer and has written many award-winning articles and books about baseball and hockey; his main sport is rolling marbles. *Ben Munger* lives in the U.S. and is one of the best stockbrokers in the country. *John Ortved* is an excellent manicurist and is known especially for his pink lipstick and nail polish. *Chasen Paul* has opened up a gigantic sports card store. *Michael Popielaty* has become a very important astronomer who has solved many mysteries and has come up with a theory of light-speed travel in space. *Tim Pyron* became obsessed with potions and lotions and has become a mad scientist. *Michael Feichman* is a great shoe salesman and was employee of the month almost every month. He has sold over 1000 shoes in the five years preceding this; most of them in pairs. *Justin Wallace* made his family very proud as he became a tremendously talented doctor; he specializes in baby finger disorders. *Cameron Wing* is a famous homicide investigator. He has also opened up his own TV show called "Cam's Place". *Mr. Hutchison*, after seeing his niece marry Adrian Kelly, left Toronto and is coaching the Montreal Canadiens.

"Thank you, thank you very much!"

Jonathan Millman and Michael Popielaty



Back row: Graham McLorie, Ted Meighen, Albert Ho, Michael von Feichman, Allan Humphries, David Koo, Jonathan Lee, Cameron Wing. *Middle row:* Adrian Kelly, Chris Ford, Adam Green, Rob Clark, Alex Ince-Cushman, Benjamin Munger, Joshua Estacion, Michael Popielaty, Mr. Hutchison. *Front row:* Jonathan Millman, John Ortved, Tim Pyron, Chasen Paul, Andrew Davis, Daniel MacDonald, Justin Wallace. *Absent for photo:* David Hwang, Duncan Gibson

SEVEN M



It can't be that bad, James!



Keith loves muckin' about



Is Barrett dancing?



Like my necklace?



Colin take soft in the background, Superman-style



(Grade 7M)

Back row: Simon Elliott, Paul O'Regan, Jeffrey Sablatnig, Sam Gildiner, Philip Watson, James Robertson.
Middle row: Barrett Holman, Jason Lee, Kristian Roberts, Jamie McIntosh, Jeffrey Taylor, Mr McMaster.
Front row: Keith Iui, Matthew MacNaughton, Tyler Lalonde, Peter Bellingham, Jamie Bergstra. **Absent for the photo:** Erik Kearney-Volpe, Mark Pearcey, Jonathan Robson.

SEVEN B

In the class of '7B there are many interesting students.

There's Michel Mainardi, an excellent soccer player, Dwayne Jackson, a future basketball star, and Matthew Beatty, a great hockey player. We also have Rickesh Kotecha, a bright young boy who is amongst the smartest in the class. There's also Ryan Edmonds, whose life-long dream is to get Sega CD, and there's his friend Kevin Kutsko and his famous stories. Another great guy is David Gildiner, a Neil Young lover, and there's Michael Stratton, super athlete. There's also David Baker, a basketball player, who loves "Oh, Henry" chocolate bars, and David Campbell, who has plenty of useless knowledge. The singers in our class are Adam Clark and David Baker. Then, there's best friends Justin Young and Jordie Thomson who are both great athletes. Ian Hartley, a great flute player, is a nice guy, who's fun to be around. One of the most intelligent boys in our class is Scott Hong, who's also a great clarinet player. Then there's Jonathan Kellett, a future pro wrestler, and there are baseball players Andrew Petti and Daniel Koo. Last, but not least, there's Miller Peterson, a charming young man, known for his interest in life on other planets.

That's the class of '7B in 1993. Goodbye!

Miller Peterson



Adamo



You wouldn't suspect a Wrestlemaniac



(Grade 7B)

Back row: Dwayne Jackson, Michael Stratton, Ryan Edmonds, David Gildiner, Matthew Beatty, Ian Hartley. **Middle row:** Andrew Epstein (later Andrew moved to 7R), Andrew Pettit, Adam Clark, David Campbell, Jordie Thomson, Miller Peterson, Justin Young, Mr Birkett. **Front row:** Jamie Pope, David Baker, Rickesh Kotecha, Daniel Koo, Jonathan Kellett, Kevin Kutsko



Jamie likes to be beside a window when I around!

SEVEN R

In the future, I, **Justin Leung** will have millions of dollars. I will have servants all over the world earning money for me. To begin, I must decide which job interests each of my servants has, or else they may go on strike. I have already decided what a few of my servants will be.

Chris Kelly will be a story writer. I find that he tells really good stories which he makes up himself. **Andrew Epstein** and **Arden Church** will become comedians. They will both be as famous as Jerry Seinfeld, I hope! **Colin Love**? Well, I made him a basketball player. I find that he loves basketball. **Gerard Ramroopsingh** is very talented at the French horn. I will make him a musician playing in night clubs. **Cameron Fiske** will become a baseball player. He enjoys it

very much. I made him a baseball player so that he will not hire a man to kill me. **Malcolm Robinson** is very unusual. I will make him an astronaut since he likes aliens so much. **Chris Taylor** will also become a basketball player. He is always playing basketball with Colin. **Jeffrey Todd** and **Darcy Morris** are both very good at sports. They are both on the Under 13 soccer team, so, I will make them both soccer players. **James Snider** is a nice man. I will make him my personal servant. He shall be my personal leg-rest. **Adam Koebel** is a great athlete. Although he is good at sports, I will make him an artist because he gets straight A's in art class. **Michael Clark** and **Liam Somerville** will both become knapsack makers. They are very neat and tidy people (Mr Reid: "Not!") and knapsacks are used in packing and organising. **Andrew Haust** and **Drew Czernik** will become movie critics. I find that they are very good friends and will cooperate nicely with each other. **John Maggiacomo** is always asking me if I have finished one of my Nintendo games; since he likes video games so much, I have decided to let him work with the Japanese on making video games. I cannot think of an ideal job for **David McNaughton**, until I remember that at his house he has so many video games. So, I will make him a publisher of a video game magazine called "Nintendo Power". What a treat! Then there is **Robbie Barrass**. He will also become a story-writer. At lunch break he always has his nose in a book. I believe he will become a successful writer — after he receives my personal training. He will probably have many interesting ideas from all the books he has read. As for myself, I'll just sit back, relax and enjoy my millions of dollars.



Clicky Mark



Ralcolm the Mobster



Back row: Liam Somerville, Gerard Ramroopsingh, Michael Clark, Robbie Barrass, Andrew Haust, James Snider *Middle row:* Arden Church, Cameron Fiske, John Maggiacomo, Adam Koebel, David McNaughton, Malcolm Robinson, Mr Reid *Front row:* Colin Love, Justin Leung, Drew Czernik, Jeffrey Todd, Chris Taylor, Chris Kelly. *Absent:* Darcy Morris



Erik doing his Mr Reid impression



Andy Ross and Max



Erik cracks Lindsay up



Dah-veed und Valtah



Back row: Cameron Stark, Joe Fulton, Jamie Edwards, Andrew O'Born, Alexander Zlotky, Walters
Middle row: Sean Phillips, Eric Olsson, Kazuo Oishi, David Reibetanz, Daniel Bennett, Mr Leach
Front row: Peter Adams, David Reeser, Michael Pang, Lindsay Templeton, Walter Davies, Jonathan Lott



Kazuo's in the cell

FIVE

My name is Christopher Roscoe. I'm a "New Boy", as I found out at my first day at RSGC. It was Wednesday, September 8th 1993 and . . .

Headmaster, Form masters, Choir master, prefects, Old Boys, a Blue Room, a Guild Room, a Mud Room, a See House, the tarmac, a half-Wind-sor (it's a tie knot), a "foreign hand" (four-in-hand), blue cards, lunch cards, locker combinations, Domestic Survival, six-day cycle, vespers, evensong, cas-socks, "Yes, Sir, No, Sir", The Principal is a doctor! — What does it all mean?!



Thank Goodness I was not alone. There were six other "New Boys" who were just as confused as I. Dr Barlow, the Principal, held an assembly and introduced us to our form master, Mr Lee. Mr Lee gave us a short tour and told us our classroom was K9. Oh, great, the "pound"! Was I to spend the year with a bunch of flea-bitten strays and runaways?

When the senior boys were showing us how to tie our ties, we wondered why they hung them from trees before we put them on. Well, perhaps that is a slight exaggeration!

The good news is, thanks to help from the senior boys and Mr Lee, I found out what all those RSGC codes and all that secret "lingo" stands for, and before Christmas!

I'm one of the lucky ones. I don't know what Mr McMaster's office looks like from the inside, and I hope I never do!

Poor Christopher Rae! He never found out, on that day, that lunch is served in Ketchum Hall. He must be starving!



Matthews finds a quiet spot for lunch



Congrats on yo' hats



Red Posterior — not a Russian game, really



Back row: Sandy Gibson, Jeremy Pigott, Garth Millar, Ted Sablatnig, Adam Donald, Evan Koebel. **Middle row:** Mr. Lee, Ivan Chin, Jonathan Abraham, Tarek Awad, Fraser Buchan, Ian Edmonds. **Front row:** Matthew O'Dell, David Berridge, Trevor Thompson, Ivan Tsang, Christopher Roscoe, Kyle Waters, Christopher Rae

FOUR/THREE

Grade 3/4 is pretty exciting and fun — if you know what is coming up! My class's teacher is Mr McElroy!

At first, I was scared of everything, but now I am not. My first day, I had two hot dogs, a pop and a doughnut. I met prefects and found out what house I am in. Kevin Lint, Head Prefect, told me I was in Canterbury, but that my friend Christiaan was in Winchester. This seemed weird, because these places are cities and sites of great churches!

The next day I was very scared because I thought we would get a lot of homework. I thought right!

But now I've made friends and we get on well together, and I like them, and I like the school. So, never be afraid or scared. "Just do it!"

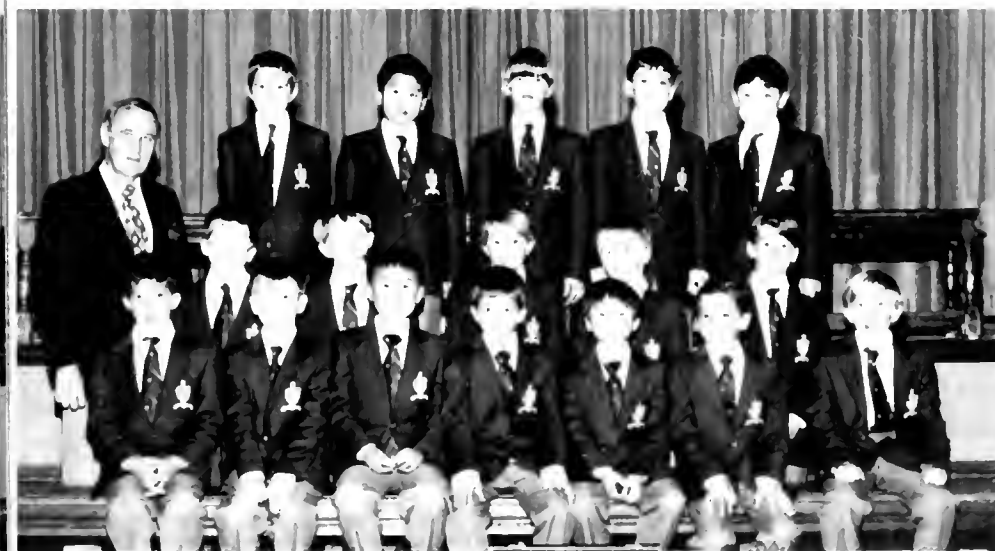
Morgan Rubes



Sweet reasonableness



Oh, do get on with it, says Morgan

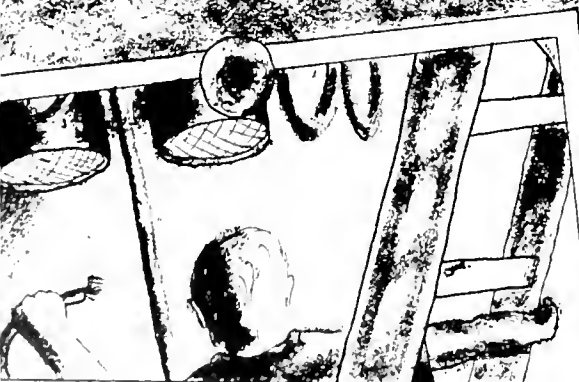
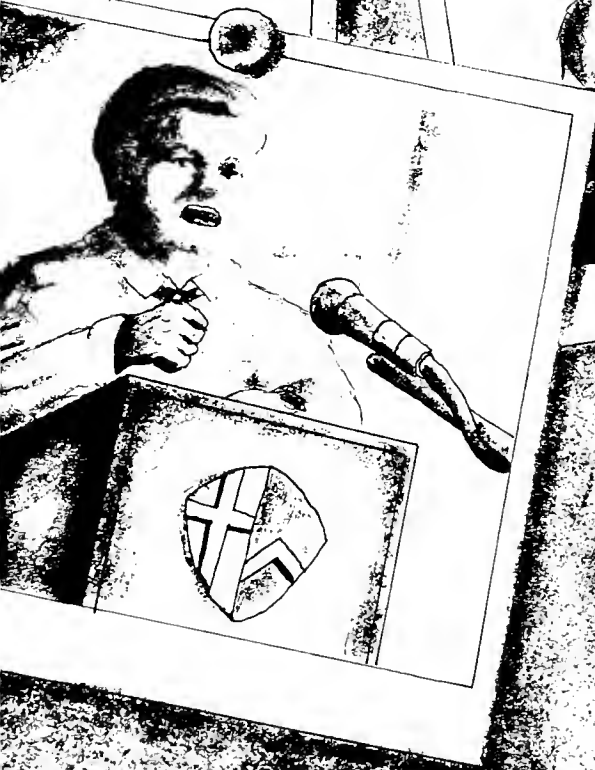


Back row: Thomas Lockett, Terence Ho, Christopher Reineck, Matthew Sohm, Marc Crook
Middle row: Mr McElroy, Peter McGrath, Morgan Rubes, Francesco Valente-Gorjup, David Jones, Timothy Clark
Front row: Haddon Murray, Sam Bennett, Justin Ho, Robert Maggisano, Jonathan Lam, Andrew Harris, Christiaan Heisey



McGrath Minor in well behaved — she — for — cc

CLUBS



O.A.'94

Reduc
Re-use
Recycle



CLUBS

THE SPEAKING UNION

Debating at RSGC, 1993/94:

Revolution and Terminological Inexactitudes

This year, we debated — we debated good. As a matter of fact, we debated better than ever. And more than ever. From Nova Scotia to far, far out west (Oakville, actually) the Royal St. George's College Speaking Union spread the gospel according to Matthew (Aaronson) and Alex (Smith), Head and Vice-Head of the Union, respectively.

In terms of our record on the road, RSGC performed admirably, and added an element of levity, at all foreign events: the St. Clements's Impromptu (where our shorthanded team was not even asked to prove our utter dominance), the TFS Fulford, the International Championships at King's — Edgell in Nova Scotia, the second term Fulford, the third term Fulford at Upper Canada College (which we left ASAP, due to the inhospitable nature of UCC*), and the Southern Ontario Model United Nations (SOMA), where we served the interests of Her Majesty as representatives of the United Kingdom to the highest degree (we think that it was our overwhelming patriotism, if not the partisan UTS chairperson, that was responsible for our not receiving the Best Delegation award).

Inside the confines of our bunker-like alma mater, RSGC debating was even stronger, where the new system of house debating lay the foundation for the next generation of debating juggernauts. Good luck next year, Edward.

Many thanks to Mrs. Miller, for her hours of arduous service, and to all staff, students and parents who helped out during the year. We hosted an enormous debating tournament, the RSGC Annual Challenge Saucer, and we would

not have been able to cope without the invaluable efforts of over eighty volunteers.

Oh, and thanks to Nick Blanchette, the only house captain to actually help his house field a team every second Thursday!

— Matt Aaronson
President of the Union, 1993/94



— Alex Smith
Vice-President

*For details, refer to: *A Life In Progress*, by Conrad Black.

The International Debating Championships in Windsor, Nova Scotia: Dante's Inferno Revisited

When we were approached by Mrs. Miller about attending the International Debating Championships, in HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, we thought "Great, this is going to be a big party — we'll be so close to Dalhousie!". However, this was not meant to be. The

Internationals hosted by King's Edgell School, were actually held in WINDSOR, Nova Scotia, which only breaks the "hamlet" classification if you count the cattle. Things went from bad to worse when we were introduced to our billet family, the father of which was a confirmed psychopath (the confirmation came only by the third day, when he threatened to practice karate on our "hog town heads" if we refused to engage in a kangaroo debate, to be held in his living room, against our evil counterparts from St. George's Vancouver. A debate, we might add, in which he was to be the judge, jury, and

periences, in retrospect, at least, are a good thing, an attitude which is quite remarkable, as everything we have spoken of (with the exception of the naming), actually took place.

Thank you Mrs. Miller and RSGC for making the trip possible, it was the best trip these three debaters have ever been on.

P.S. Special thanks to the Lost Parrot, for providing a safe haven from Rome and company. Oh, and also to "Nicotine Man", who taught us that you can chain-smoke a million packs of cigarettes a day and still live to be ninety years old.

Matt Aaronson
Alex Smith
Ed Conroy
"The Team"

The Southern Ontario Model United Nations Assembly 1994: Diplomacy, Levity, Brevity, and a Flag (and a Fez, too)

This year, RSGC sent two teams to SOMA, the United Kingdom, featuring the experienced team of Matt Aaronson, Ed Conroy, Alex Evis, Nick Robins, and Alex Smith, and Morocco, led by the battle-tested Colin Watson, and manned by Brian Carr, Chris Remirowski, and David "mousetrap" Sterin.

SOMA, which is always an uphill battle for any delegate that is not enrolled as a student at UTS, was a particularly heartbreaking experience this year, as the power-packed U.K. delegation were not recognized in any capacity. However, in terms of performance and personal fulfillment, both teams enjoyed great success. From the Security Council (which both delegations sat on, and where the two Alexes bullied China into abstention on a key resolution), to the General Assembly, where Matt could be found, heard, and seen (including his hands), the U.K. and Morocco were two of the most active delegations in the entire assembly of over 500 high-school students from as far away as Cleveland, Ohio.

Thanks to Mrs. Miller, for making the trip possible, and to the folks at UTS, who again allowed us to rain on their parade.

Matt Aaronson
Alex Smith

JUNIOR SCHOOL WINNERS in their respective classes of Sterling Hall School's annual Speech Meet were: Damian Abraham (Gr 8) and Robbie Barrass (r.) (Gr 7)



Our final lesson came when we got off of the plane at Lester B. Pearson Airport and realized that near death ex-

CHAPEL

Chapel is held every day. The Senior School has a ten-minute service on Mondays and Wednesdays, and the Junior School on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The whole school assembles for Anglican Evensong on Fridays.

SERVERS' GUILD

The Servers' Guild helps boys learn the rules of liturgical action — "worship by movement". Dave Sterin seems a particularly devoted server (see picture below)! The pictures show George Bassel, Andy Beadon and Fraser Tamaki (below left), and in the big picture to the right we see Colin Watson, Drew Pearson, and Jeremy Elliott. Dave is the one kneeling, hands at prayer.



Ian appeared to enjoy it; Dan too?



Fr Hill addressing a Junior School congregation





LIBRARY

The library is run by Mrs Walsh, seen far left with parent volunteers

A high point of every year is the Book Fair, which these pictures commemorate

Colin prefers an intellectual choice (left)

Second row Mr McMaster shows Mr Mike Eiley, an historian who writes a regular column for the *Sunday Sun*, around the nave of St Alban's; and Mr John Sewell, a former Mayor of Toronto and writer on town-planning and city living, autographs his book *The Shape of the City*

The third row shows our guests' books, on one of the display tables.

Fourth row Brian Pho considering a choice; and Stuart Coristine, who received the Library Technician award on Prize Day





CAMERA CLUB

As many of you know, the camera club is responsible for covering any athletic event, social event, special event, and eventful events which the school is involved in, and would eventually like to put in the yearbook. What many of you likely don't know is that, in order to accommodate a tight budget, and afford C.D.'s for the photo contest winners, we do it all with just one long roll of film. What many of you also may not realize is that this roll of film went missing about two weeks before June exams, and we nearly lost photos of almost thirty school teams, classes, house competitions, Final Curtain, trip week, the first term plays, staff candids, student candids, Oliver the See House cat candids, park ruffian mug-shots, a dozen school

clubs, endless Jr. and Sr. school bands and choirs, and much, much more. We searched everywhere for our 1993-'94 film (including the darkroom, where we found three camera club members skipping chapel, two former Headmasters, and Jimmy Hoffa) but to no avail. It was at this point that we started to panic, and decided that desperate measures were required, we knocked on the staff room door, (you see, Mr. Siewert, it was an emergency). As it turned out, Mr. Timm had the film in his cubby hole, but hadn't seen it behind his latest issue of Psychology Weekly (the double issue). The day was saved, we wouldn't have to use team shots from the early 80's, and the yearbook club would not have my graduation vetoed. Hope you enjoy the shots

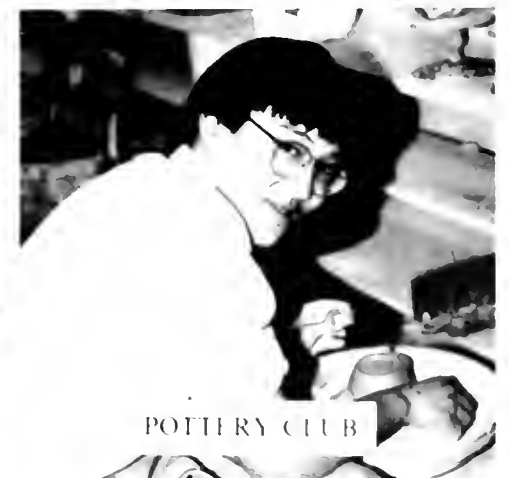
Simon Isbister





STAGE CREW

The stage "techies" build sets, install and operate lights and audio, and do all of the backstage work involved in putting on a play • Christiaan Piller was Head of Stage in 1994. We see him explaining a point and hanging a light, top row, far left. Other pictures show Chris Petrie and Rob Burkett in the lighting-audio booth and the pizza party after work's end. The bottom row shows Jamie Press, David Alexander, Dan Neysmith, and finally, Andrew Cook enjoying his pizza nosh.



POTTERY CLUB

MUSIC

GRADE 9, 10

BIG BAND

Back row: Hatem Jabsheh, Justin Kutzko, Greg Rosocha, Elliott Hughes, Fraser Tamaki, James Sedgwick, Mark Burroni, Anthony Kingsley, Peter Metzger, Tim Adams, James Robertson. • Middle row: Quincy Lui, Andrew Bryant, Daniel Medd, Jamie Lint, Stef Washuk, Ryan Mulvihill, Peter Koven, Daniel Thomson, Simon Cook-Roffey. • Front row: Nicholas Yap, Christian Friis.





THE O.A.C. JAZZ BAND

From left: Mr Martin,
Matthew Kelly, Geoffrey
Bellingham, Cameron
Rose, Tim Pacaud, Blake
Markle, Larren Stoyka
Daniel Kircher.



THE SENIOR CONCERT BAND

seen here at the Showcase Concert in
the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor
Street at Avenue Road. It comprises
all senior band i.e. Grades 11 to 13
as well as 9 and 10 players except for
those of the O.A.C. Jazz Band

'A' BAND

Mr Wade West is the director of 'A' Band

Personnel: back row: Adam Koebel, Scott Hong, Jonathan Lee, Adam Green, Michael Stratton, Peter Bellingham. •

Second row: Mr Wade West, Hayden Ho, Lawrence Bramer, Michael Anstey, Allan Humphries, Andrew Davis, Liam Somerville. •

Third row: Justin Leung, Daniel Koo, Cameron Wing, Tyler Lalonde, Rob Clark. •

Sitting: Keith Lui, Adrian Kelly, Kevin Kutzko.

**'B' BAND**

Mr Leatch is the director of 'B' Band

Personnel: back row: Mr Leatch, Philip Watson, Barrett Holman, Derek Wong, Jamie Pope, Kazuo Oishi, Kristian Roberts. •

Front row: Ted Meighen, Samuel Hui, Chasen Paul, Erik Olsson, Andrew "Potato" Pettit, David Reeser, Andrew Epstein.

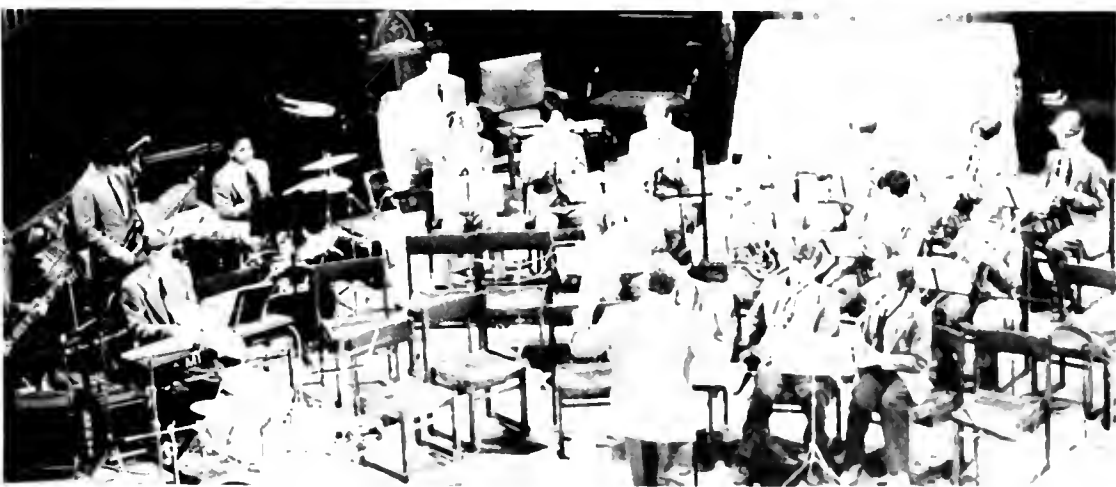




'C' BAND

Mr Martin is the director of 'C' Band. It is our 'beginning' band.

Personnel discernable to the left of Mr Martin in our pictures, top picture, from the top, Jamie Pope, Jordie Thomson, Chris Taylor, Ian Hartley, Chris Ford. Standing: Justin Young, Gerard Ramroopsingh, Jeffrey Sablatnig, Michael Fountain, Sam Gildiner, Kristian Roberts, John Orved, Ted Meighen. Sitting: David Campbell. • To the right of Mr Martin (lower picture) Lindsay Templeton, Michael Clark, Arden Church. Middle row: Matthew McNaughton, Miller Peterson, John Maggiacomo, Erik Kearney-Volpe, Colin Love, Jeffrey Todd, Daniel Bennett.



THE JUNIOR STAGE BAND

at the May Showcase concert. This band is an ensemble of highly-skilled junior bandmen, who "click" together.

'A' CHOIR

The director of 'A' Choir is
Dr Bryant.



'B' CHOIR

The director of 'B' Choir is
Mrs Graham



THE CHANGED VOICES CHOIR

The director of the Changed
Voices Choir is Mr Fowler.

Personnel: back row: Albert
Ho, David Koo, Duncan
Gibson, Simon Elliott, David
Gildiner, Matthew Boland,

Mr Fowler. Front row:
Dougal Bruce, Jamie
McIntosh, Dwayne Jackson,
Andrew Jones, Ryan Gulyas





GRADE 5 MUSIC

Grade 5 has its own programme of music. Sometimes the class combines with Grades 3/4 — as in the photo, bottom right, which was taken at one of the end-of-term concerts.



GRADE 4 MUSIC





VA BAND ENSEMBLES
 VA Band is our premier band and from it are created, as occasion demands, ad lib combos, like these pictured here.



Our picture shows Jeffrey Taylor at the May Showcase concert.

STRINGS

One of our sources reports that the string players feel a little left out of things, as compared with the College's "beloved bands."

They appeared not to have had sufficient practices, and not to have had sufficient exposure in 1994. The addition of some wind instruments helped the strings gain some prominence. While the admixture of band players was not entirely welcome at first, it was accepted in the realisation, "that if we were to survive another year and still have interested members, we would have to grow, no more string players being available."

One bright spot appears to have been that, "We did play for the Junior School Assembly, one Monday in the Third Term, and with a little luck and interest we'll do even better next year."



Ryan didn't mind



Greg shows a leg

CHICAGO

The 1994 trip to Chicago of the Senior Band with the O.A.C. Jazz Band will be a great memory. Reports were very positive as to how much it was enjoyed by all. • Dan Thomson seems to have been enjoying himself when that photo was taken. And, who is that woman tickling Hatem's knees? She bears a resemblance to Mrs. Walsh! Could our librarian have sneaked off to boogie a bit?



Remember him?



Like a baby hippo? No!



Kids in the hall



The 'A' Band toured Ottawa and Montreal in April. In Montreal, we performed at Lower Canada College and The Study, and saw an Expos game at Olympic Stadium. We also had a walking tour of Old Montreal, and a visit to the Biodome. In Ottawa, we played at Ashbury College and Elmwood School, had a walking tour of Parliament Hill, and toured the Embassy Row area of the city. On our final day, we played at Trafalgar Castle School in Whitby. We ate very well throughout the tour, and were also given lunch at LCC, Ashbury and Trafalgar Castle. In Kingston, we visited Celebrity Sports, and the boys played video games, bowled and roller bladed.

Our students played very well at all five of our concerts and were most enthusiastically received by students and teachers in the various schools we visited. The most screaming by adulatory fans: Elmwood School in Ottawa.

Mr. Wade West



THE ARTS DRAMATIC AND VISUAL



THE PAGES WHICH FOLLOW show some of the work done in the fields of drama and visual art at RSGC in 1993/94. Above left is a striking-looking photo from the play *The Merchant of Venice*. It was a very elaborate set. It was built by the set-builders, and on this page we meet some of these backroom boys whose efforts are mounting a good production.

Above right is Christian Phipps, a member of the crew, and from left, David Alexander, Rob Burt, and Neil Nevsmith (above). See the names of the crew on page 54.

Choreography: Dance Sequence for
"After Magritte" - Leslie Michaels

Hair & Makeup Design
Clare Moncrieff, Carleen Bilger

Staff Advisor: R. Holdsworth

With Special Thanks To:

Deborah Holdsworth
Mr. & Mrs. W. vonTeichman
J. Kennan
J. Kerr
J. Kestimer
R. Nakatsu
R. Piller
N. Van Derk
Centre Stage Productions
Haverhill College *
Northern Secondary School.

NO EXIT

- Jean-Paul Sartre

Sorry, Wrong Number

- Lucille Fletcher

After Magritte

- Tom Stoppard

Royal St. George's College
November 18, 19 & 20, 1993.

NO EXIT

Directed by Ed Conroy

Cast In Order of Appearance

Bell Boy	- Greg Karout
Cradeau	- Chris Remerowski
Inez	- Vanessa Cassels *
Estelle	- Anne McMaster *

Produced by Special Arrangement
with Samuel French, Inc.

15-Minute Intermission

Sorry, Wrong Number

Directed by Alex Smith

Time & Place - New York City, 1949

Cast in Order of Appearance

Mrs. Stevenson	- Karina Miller *
Operator No. 1	- Meghan Pollock *
First Man	- Geoff Chapman
George	- David Sterin
Man With Pipe	- Alex Smith
Mrs. Curtis	- Clara Boyd *
Operator No. 2	- Ashti Persaud *
Sgt. Duffy	- Geoff McGrath
Lunchroom	- Bernard
Attendant	- Bieberstein
Operator No. 3	- Meghan Pollock
Western Union	- Bernard
Telegraph man	- Bieberstein
Operator No. 4	- Ashti Persaud
and 5	
Information	- Meghan Pollock
Nurse	- Clara Boyd

Produced by Special Arrangement with
Dramatists Play Service, Inc.

15-Minute Intermission

After Magritte

Directed by Philip Pace

Time and Place - London, England
The Present

Cast in Order of Appearance

Reginald Harris	- Douglas Frawley
Thelma Harris	- Leslie Michaels *
Mother	- Katie Harrison *
Inspector Foot	- Matthew Sack
Const. Holmes	- Alexander Evis

Produced by Special Arrangement
with Samuel French, Inc.

STAGE CREW

<u>No Exit</u>	Stage Manager - Curtis Carter
	Lighting - Rob Burkett
	Sound - Josh McIvor

<u>Sorry....</u>	Stage Manager - John Damanis
	Lighting - Brian Carr
	Sound - Greg Karout

<u>After Magritte</u>	Stage Manager - Christiaan Piller
	Lighting - Rob Burkett
	Sound - Andy Beadon

Head of Stage Crew - Christiaan Piller
Sound - Jamie Press
Lighting - Brian Carr

Stage Crew - Chris Holteng, Randy Depoo,
Jeremy King, Andrew Cook, Tony Rose

Props - Colin Watson

Set Design/Construction/Painting

Dan Neysmith, Chris Zarb, David Alexander,
Craig Stait-Gardner, Jamie Press, R. Holdsworth

THE ANNUAL DRAMATIC PRODUCTION



The College mounts a major dramatic production annually, which this year took the form of three separate, short productions. The programme reproduced at left shows the details of each production, each of which was directed by a student director.

This page shows scenes from the first play, *Exit* by Jean-Paul Sartre, which was directed by

Edward (Ed) C. [Name obscured]

Other pictures show [Name obscured] as [Name obscured] in *McMaster* (directed by [Name obscured]) and [Name obscured] as [Name obscured] in *Veronica* (directed by [Name obscured]).

The play is [Name obscured] and contains the [Name obscured] H.

HERE WE SEE
SCENES from *Sorry,
Wrong Number* and
from *After Magritte*.

Concerning the first,
our pictures show
(clockwise, from top
left) Bernard V. Bie-
berstein, David Sterin,
Geoffrey McGrath and
Geoffrey Chapman
and, far right, the di-
rector, Alex Smith.

Below are scenes
from *After Magritte*
with, far right, the di-
rector, Philip Pace.





HOUSE DRAMA





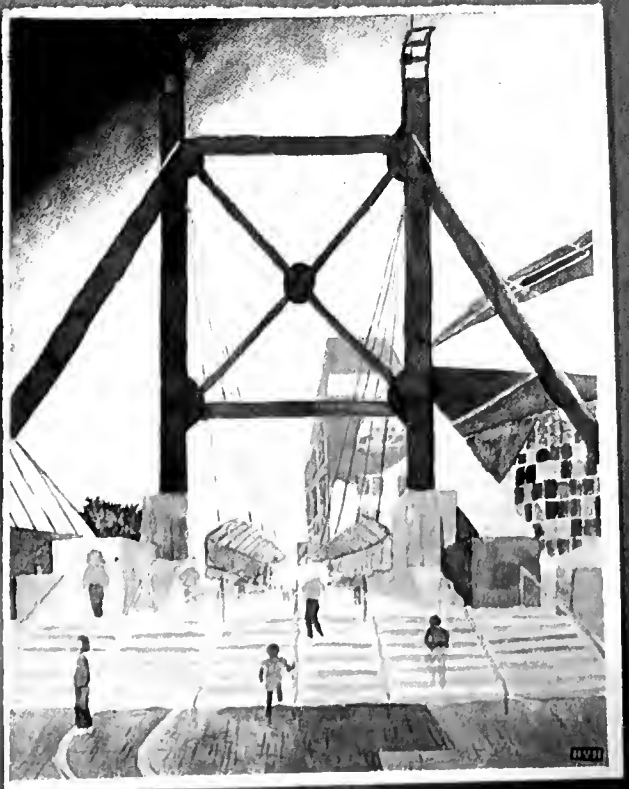
ON THESE PAGES we see some scenes taken on House Drama Competition Day, usually held in February or early March, annually.

We see the outside adjudicators and various scenes. Mrs. Miller (above) is the coach and organiser of the event.



This design by Mark Han, Grade 9, won high praise from his teacher.



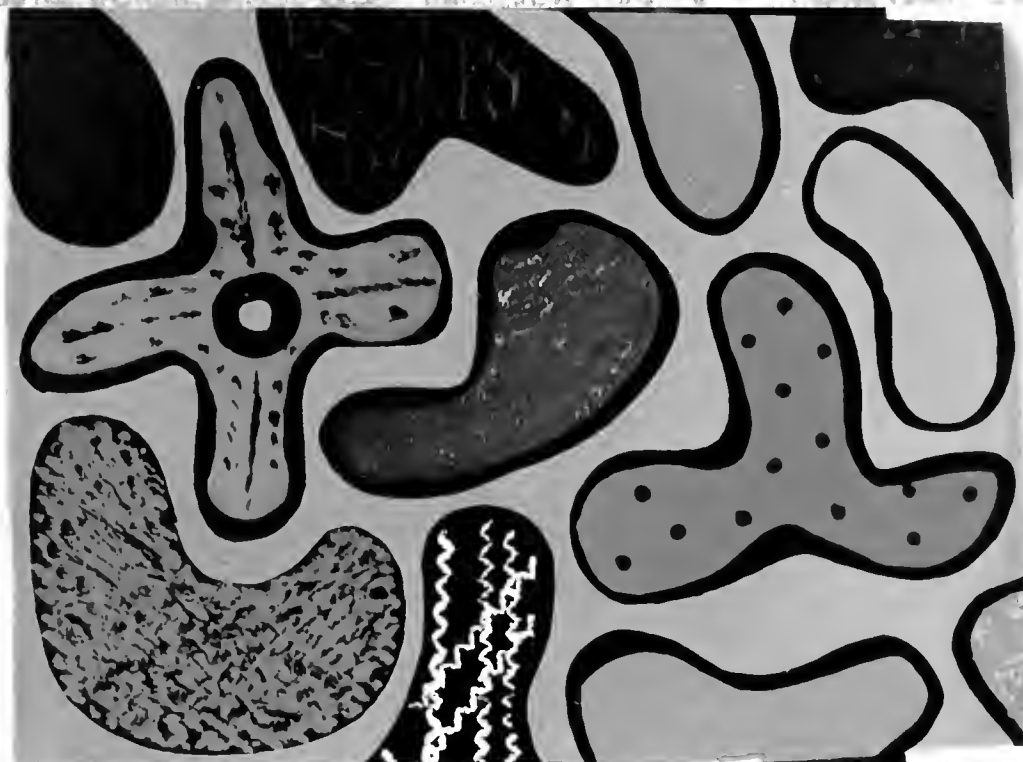


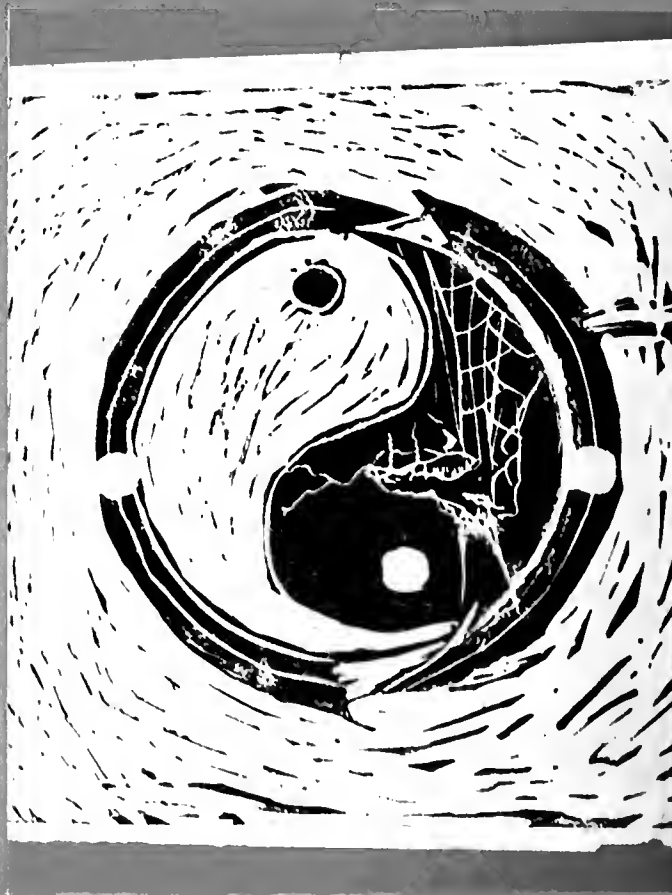


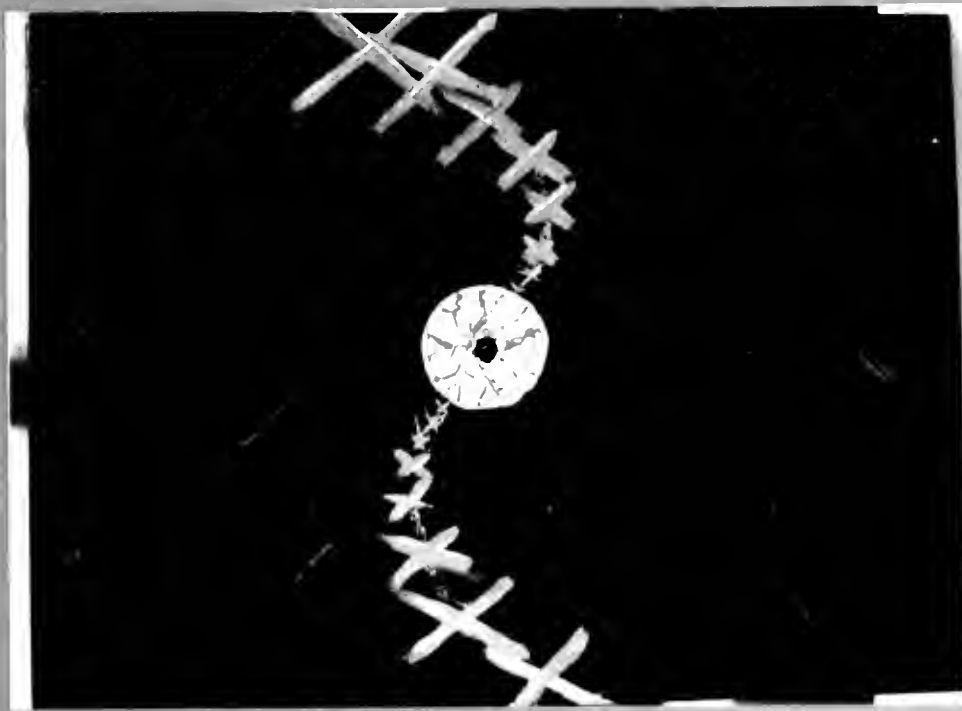
THIS PAGE FEATURES the work of Andrew Austin, Grade 12, and of Harrison Kennan, Grade 13.

Left is a series of "Cityscapes" in watercolour, which is the work of Austin (above).

Right, are two works by Kennan, "Still life" (top) and "Abstract".







PAGE 76 TOP "Fish" by Scott McMaster, Grade 10 (linoblock)
 Bottom left "Thunderbird" by Robert Bell, Grade 10 (linoblock)
 Bottom right "The Ying Yang Dragon" by Fraser Adams, Grade 10 (linoblock)

PAGE 77 TOP "Landscape" by Richard Rayfield, Grade 13 (watercolor)
 Bottom "Migraine Headache" by Harrison Keenan (cervical)



Design by Peter Levine,
Grade 9



PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THIS YEAR, MPE (MPP) organized a photographic competition. We asked for knowledge of the school. We hope that parental

On the 2nd page, the winners of second and third place, and the page 8th, the winning entry of the

Competition of the year by Christopher P. (Grade 12)

"Australian Experience" (Ormeiston Gorge, Alice Springs, Australia) by Nicholas Blanchette (Grade 13) won second place, and "Sleeping Boy" (below) by Mark Andersen (Grade 13) was third.







THE DARK ROAD

A contemporary tragedy

BY MARK ANDERSON, Grade 13

The Dark Road

Characters —

- Steven Knox, *friend of Tim Harris, guest*
- Tim Harris, *owner of cottage*
- Brian Desmond, *friend of Tim Harris*
- Sgt. Albert Pollock, *investigating officer*
- Dr. Edward Joeniz, *Sunnybrook hospital coma ward*
- Nurse
- Bouncer

Plot Summary

It has been said that there were never two people so attached as Tim Harris and Steven Knox. Growing up together as neighbours, the boys had a special bond; they enjoyed the same interests, had the same friends and attended the same school. People often mistook them for brothers, as their mannerisms had grown so similar. They were like each other's conjugate pair: Tim and Steven fit together like a hand and glove.

It was the first weekend in the summer of 1988 when Steven and Tim went north to Tim's cottage. They wanted to act reckless this weekend; school was out and partying was on the agenda. Tim's parents stayed in the city, so the two had some friends over and started drinking. From the cottage, the group decided to go to a roadside bar 20 minutes away and play some pool. Tim had been drinking heavily, so Steven thought it best that he should drive. The boys had planned to sleep at Brian Desmond's cottage, a fair walking distance from the bar, and pick up the car the next morning.

Once at the bar, Steven and Tim became immature. They drank excessively and ignored their friends when they left for Brian's. When Steven got up to play pool, Tim went to the washroom and smoked a joint with a few guys. Later, after compounding the booze with drugs, Tim threw up while sitting at a table. The bouncers grabbed them and threw them out and Steven found himself standing in the pouring rain with his unconscious best friend at 1:30 A.M.

Steven didn't know Brian's phone number or directions to his cottage. Tim had fallen asleep, covered in his own vomit, on the sidewalk. The bouncers wouldn't let Steven back in to even make a call and

Tim's car had no phone. Steven was drunk, abandoned, and scared. In a moment of despair and weariness, he decided to lift Tim into the car and drive back to the cottage.

The police report stated the car was travelling approximately 110-120 kilometres an hour when it veered into the gravel ditch, flipped several times, and came to rest on the rocks 10 metres below. The car itself was mangled; a collapsed roof, severe impact on the front and rear passenger side doors, shattered front and back windshields, and an engine fire. Tim died instantly; his skull was literally crushed. Steven was rushed to Sunnybrook hospital by helicopter. He suffered massive head and spinal injuries and slipped into a coma lasting four and a half months. He awoke yesterday.

Scene III

(Sunnybrook Hospital Coma Ward. Patient Steven Knox has been in stable condition since June 18, 1988. The chorus is made up of the several nurses on duty.)

Chorus: Patient No. 47102 remains in stable condition. There has been some significant change. His heart rate has grown and is



strong, and he has shown movement in his left hand. He's made attempts at speech, but remains unable to form a simple grunt. The extent of his head injuries hasn't been determined yet, but a neurologist is being flown in from Minnesota tomorrow. We haven't told him where he is, or why. It's best he not know just yet. He is still in shock. How will he handle this news? Responsible for his best friend's death. Drinking and driving. Life in a wheelchair. Will they charge him with murder? Can they? Hasn't he suffered enough? Just think of having to face the dead boy's parents. What do you say to a grieving mother whose son was killed because of your carelessness? Is there anything that could be said? What a cross this poor boy has to bear. The ultimate lesson has been taught. What kind of life can this boy lead from now on? Maybe he was better off in the coma. Maybe he was better off . . . dead. Wait. He is stirring. It

looks like he is awake now. He looks so lost. So scared. A crippled body of a boy with an unknown guilt upon his shoulders. I no longer know who I feel sorry for. The dead, the grieving, or the guilty. He is asleep again. What does he dream of? What does he remember? What does he see when he closes his eyes?

Chorus: (Dream Sequence)
Riders on the storm
Riders on the storm
Into this house we're born
Into this world we're thrown

Steven: Rain, the rain is relentless.
What am I doing? I'm driving
in the pouring rain. Drunk.
Tired and drunk. I just have to
get back. Not much further. I
remember that sign. Definitely
close now.

Chorus: Riders on the storm
Riders on the storm
There's a killer on the road
His brain is squirming like a
toad

Steven: Where the hell did those guys
go? They could have come over
and said good-bye. They knew
we were staying there. Tim is
in bad shape. The car smells
terrible.

Chorus: If you give this man a ride
Sweet melody will die
Killer on the road

Steven: Tim. Out the window. Puke out
the window. All over himself.
That smell. Got to open the
window.

Chorus: Riders on the storm
Riders on the storm

Steven: This window's stuck. Come on,
open.

Chorus: Into this house we're born

Steven: Don't throw up on me. Get off
me. Tim, wake up.

Chorus: Into this world we're thrown.

(Pause. Darkness)

- Chorus:* Get those down here. I can see one. This one's gone. Wait, I got something on this one. He's alive. What a mess. Call central, we're going to need that helicopter. Get the truck down here. We're going to need to torch this door. Can you hear me? You. Can you hear me? Can you move?
- Steven:* Tim.
- Chorus:* I don't care what time it is. You tell him to get over here. Give me the phone. Hello? Yes. Talled. Two. One has. The other's pretty messy. Ditch. Nothing yet. Okay.
- Steven:* Tim.
- Chorus:* Can you hear me? Can you move? Hurry with those. Hello?
- Steven:* Tim.
- Chorus:* Say something if you can hear me. Anything. Hello?
- Steven:* I . . .
- Chorus:* Yes, Sunnybrook. That's what the helicopter's for.
- Steven:* I'm . . .
- Chorus:* Can you hear me?
- Steven:* I'm sorry.
- (Pause. Darkness.)
- Dr. Joeniz:* You'll have to give him some more time. He is still in shock, and we haven't been able to determine the extent of his injuries. In all probability, he won't walk again. His speech and motor functions, however, will depend on the brain damage. We're moving him to neurology tomorrow.
- Sgt. Pollock:*
I understand. I appreciate your phone call so promptly. If you don't mind, could I ask that you call the station when you feel he is ready? There are . . . some legal matters to be handled. Thank you for your time, doctor.
- (On-duty nurses make up the Chorus)
- Chorus:* What a terrible position that man is in. He must tell that crippled boy tht he will be prosecuted for his best friend's death. Does he really think this will change anything? What can the law do to this boy that he hasn't already done to himself? One thing is certain, though. He may physically be a boy, but he must face this like a man.
- Nurse:* Dr. Joeniz. Patient No. 47102 Knox, Steven has spoken.
- Dr. Joeniz:* Excellent. Any slurring? Full mouth movement?
- Nurse:* It was a whisper. I couldn't tell. It's what he said, Doctor. It was amazing. I walked into his room to check on him and his eyes were struggling to stay open. He appeared to be trying to say something, but he was asleep. I spoke to him softly, and put my ear right above his mouth. That's when I heard it. 'I'm sorry', he said. 'Tim', he whispered, 'I'm sorry'. Then I think he said something about rain that I couldn't understand. Do you think he remembers? Do you think he knows?
- Dr. Joeniz:* For his sake, Nurse Connors, I hope he doesn't remember anything. What's his room?
- Nurse:* 109. I think he might be sleeping now.
- Dr. Joeniz:* Thank you, nurse. Is he ready to be moved? Alright, I'm going to check his readouts.
- (Room 109. Sunnybrook Hospital Coma Ward.)
- Dr. Joeniz:* Hello, Steven. I didn't know you were awake. My name is Dr. Joeniz. I'm going to help you get better.
- Steven:* (Whispering) Hospital?
- Dr. Joeniz:* You're in Sunnybrook Hospi-

THE THIEF OF TIME

by

AARON THOMPSON

Grade 13



tal, Steven.

Steven: Can't move.

Dr. Joeniz: Don't try to move, Steven. You need your rest.

Steven: Tim?

Dr. Joeniz: Don't speak. Try to rest. It's all going to work out.

Steven: Tim? Please.

Dr. Joeniz: Steven, . . .

Steven: Please.

Dr. Joeniz: Tim was involved in a car accident. He . . . his head was thrown out of an open window and the weight of the car crushed his skull against the ground. He died instantly and painlessly.

Steven: Me?

Dr. Joeniz: Don't talk anymore, son. Get some sleep.

(Pause.)

Steven: Doctor?

Dr. Joeniz: Yes?

Steven: I remember. I remember it all.

(Darkness)

Life is a terminal illness, and it is only a matter of time before everyone and everything come to an end. Given how precious time is, it is amazing how much of it is wasted by people every day. Take, for example, the length of time spent postponing the commencement of work on this essay. There were the snacks to prepare, the tea to brew, the telephone to answer. Once seated at the computer, my attention was captured not by the literary task at hand, but by the buzzing of a fly. A quarter of an hour later, after stalking the beast, finding the *Raid*, and relocating the victim, his time had come. the whole scenario brought to mind the observation that "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Because procrastination is so widespread, people who take action and get on with the job are all the more impressive. Fatigue is often used as an excuse for lack of initiative. Though there are individual differences in the needs for sleep — many credit Winston Churchill's wartime success to the fact that he only needed four hours of sleep nightly — most often the fatigue serves the purpose of avoidance. The truly

successful person does not allow himself to feel tired before the job is complete.

Although each person is allotted the same amount of time per day, sixty seconds per minute, sixty minutes per hour, there are vast differences in how the time is used. The key to effective time use is to have goals, and to predetermine your use of time in order to meet those goals. This involves setting priorities and sticking to them. Obviously, this takes a great deal of self discipline. One recommended method is to ask yourself, "What is the most important thing for me to do with my time right now?" and then do it.

When we procrastinate, it still takes the same amount of time to complete the original task. If the essay is to take me an hour, do I want to spend that hour sooner, and have my mind free for other activities, or later, and spend the intervening time with the added stress of it hanging over my head? Although time can never be bought, it is being spent at a constant rate, so spend it on those things that are most important, and watch out for that treacherous thief. ■

WASTING TIME TO CONTROL TIME

by

ERIC TSANG, Grade 12



I T was in fall, that cold *season of depression*, where I came upon a very important idea that would have changed my life forever. I was assigned a lot of homework that day, and like always, I had an overwhelming urge to finish it all as soon as possible. I never planned, or at least I never needed to, as I always finished every bit of homework assigned that day. In short, I never procrastinated. I was travelling in my parents' car when my sister, who was riding with me, told me of a joke she had heard in school. The joke was: "God put me on the world to accomplish a certain number of things; right now I am so far behind, I will never die."

Most people's response to the joke would have been a few chuckles and then it would be forgotten. However, this joke sparked many ideas in my mind. My first concern was obviously for my personal well-being. Since I worked so quickly, I wondered if I would die sooner than if I had procrastinated. If so, I thought, I would definitely take life much easier than I am now. Thoughts of my many hard days of *looking in big reference books, working for hours and, racing against time* flashed around in my head. I especially remembered the time I was able to do a whole economics project, which we were given a week to do, in two hours. I was left pondering about this for quite a while until another thought struck me. What is time, and can it be controlled?

This was the final question I reflected on that day, as it took me more than the time of the

car trip to think about it. Thoughts of possible hints to the answer to this problem brought me back to the beginning of the school year. I remembered the question that my chemistry teacher asked the class. He asked us to define mass. This was no easy question, as the whole class was stumped. His answer was that mass has no physical definition, and on top of that he added that other units like time also fall into the category of having no physical definition. Then I thought about what others would define time as. Some people seem to have all the time in the world, whereas others are always pressed for time. However, I have met people in each category who are equally as productive. Some people are just slow workers whereas others are fast workers. I finally came up with a personal definition of time: a measure to which we decide when to do what is required of us. However, I was still baffled about whether one can control time, or not.

The idea of controlling time made me think about many popular sayings, like "I have too much time on my hands," "I wish I could buy more time" and "time is of the essence." I reflected on this subject from an economical view point. If time were an economical good, what would be its price? I was not too certain I wanted to sell any of my excess time or whether I wanted to buy any extra time. At that moment the car pulled into the driveway and I realized that I had spent half an hour thinking about this subject. Then yet another say-

ing popped into my head: "Time flies when you are having fun." From that I was able to sum up my thoughts. There was no way to control time. If it could be controlled, then time would not seem so short when we are having fun, and so long when we are bored. From there I thought of yet another idea that proved that there was no way to control time. If time could be controlled, then we would never die. At this point I was starting to feel very absurd. I had been wondering about a totally non-existing argument, for the past half hour. Time could not be controlled and the joke that my sister heard, was meant as just a joke and nothing more. To make matters worse, my sister noticed that I had been thinking for the past half hour and asked me what I was thinking about. After I told her about my thoughts, she told me that the joke was meant only as a joke. She also added that a person only has a certain life-span, a certain number of breaths he can take in his life; when he has taken all those breaths he dies. Her final statement was that only idiots like myself would try to control time. She concluded that these fools will waste their precious time trying to control time, like I have just done.

I found no faults in my sister's argument and I took my defeat quietly. Nevertheless, I still wonder how nice it would be if we could control time. Suddenly another thought struck me. Although time can't be controlled, does time control our lives? However, I didn't bother thinking about this and started on my homework.

THE GOAL

by

ALASTAIR KELLETT, Grade 9



WELL, let's face it, I wasn't exactly the ideal athlete. But it shouldn't have made much difference, not so much difference, what I looked like on the outside. After all, it's what's on the inside that counts, isn't it? The only problem I had was that I was too short and too fat for my age. Despite my appearance and what people assumed of me because of my appearance, I really wasn't that bad at sports. I could run quite fast; not that anybody had noticed or even cared. I was a new kid at the school and everybody just had to take one look at me to jump to the conclusion that I was some sort of cream-puff who wouldn't know a basketball if it hit him in the head. As a matter of fact, I had practiced soccer for many years, because it's the only sport in which size isn't (or *shouldn't* be) a factor. Anyway, at my old school I had been one of the best at soccer; but I didn't know about here. I would have to play on the under sixteen team, which meant that I (being in grade nine) would be one of the youngest of them all, let alone almost definitely the smallest. Still, I was determined at least to try out for the team, even if I were the first one cut; as long as I was cut for the right reasons.

The announcement had said 'room 7 at 1 o'clock,' but these people couldn't all be trying out for the same team as me. They were twice my size! I was just on my way to recheck the number on the door when a teacher came in and we were all instructed to be seated.

"Hey, fellas! My name's Mr. Davis. You guys all here for the under sixteen soccer team?" Everyone nodded in agreement. I gulped. Already I could feel half the eyes in the room on my back, and could hear whispers and snickers. Mr. Davis continued, "I'll be

your coach this season guys, and I just called this meeting to remind you all of the first tryout on Monday and make sure you're all going to be there. So, if there are no questions you guys want to ask me you're free to go." Most people left, but a few stayed to talk to him privately. As for me, I wanted to get out of there as fast as I could.

After my shocking first encounter with my future teammates, the tryouts actually weren't so bad. Despite their size, I found that I was able to keep up with most of the people on the field, and could outplay a surprising number. I figured I would have no trouble making the main team and, had things been different, I would have made the starting lineup too. But things weren't different. In the games that followed I found myself watching from the sidelines. I often played less than the people on the taxi squad. All because of my size?? I just didn't understand. I remained on the team, though, to the surprise of some of the other members, and I never gave up. Halfway through the season I was the only player on the team that had never missed a game or practice. The coach soon started to like and respect me for this, and at one practice he called me to the side to talk to me.

"Hey, Kevin, I want to talk to you for a minute. I want you to know that the reason that you haven't been playing too much recently has nothing to do with your ability. It's just the size factor. You're playing at too much of a disadvantage on the field. Do you understand?" I nodded dumbly and he turned to walk back to where the rest of the guys were.

"Was this guy serious?" I asked myself, "did he actually believe that soccer gave any advantage to bigger players, or was this just a poor excuse for his

previous actions?"

Just then the voice of one of my teammates called out to me from the field. "Hey Keegan! What are you doing, come on!"

I ran back onto the field just as the coach announced that it was time for a scrimmage. As the game began, I decided I would show Mr. Davis who he had just benched! After a few minutes of play I had developed a pattern. I would hang back on defense and strip their players of the ball, bringing it up the wings and then switching it to an incoming, unmarked forward. As well as setting up three goals, I got a hat trick myself. Soon I was being double-marked and people were laughing at the way I turned them. At the end of the scrimmage we had a shoot-out from the penalty shot mark. Since these shoot-outs had nothing to do with athletic ability or size, I found that I could show my soccer skills through them. I usually either won them or placed in the top three. Today was no different. I came in second. When the shoot-out was over, Mr. Davis announced the five people that would be taking the penalty shots if a game ever came to that in the play-offs. I was one of them. After practice when we were all sitting on the ground putting on our regular shoes several people congratulated me on my playing. One guy got up and tried to demonstrate a move that I had done on him. Then the coach told me that I played really well and that he was proud of me. In that practice I realized that my image on the team had changed. People were now actually treating me as they treated everyone else: like a regular teammate.

In a game a week later I was standing on the sidelines beside the coach, watching our team play one of the worst

games they ever had. After a few minutes I began to notice patterns in our play, and seeing where we were making our mistakes. As I started to explain my insights to the coach, though at first he didn't really care, he became steadily more interested. At the end he was astonished. He thought I was a genius! At half time he rearranged the lines and put me in at right wing! Our team scored a couple of goals that half, but we still lost the game. Afterwards Mr. Davis thanked me a great deal and made me the only star of the game. It was then that I realized the change in Mr. Davis' heart towards me.

By the final tournament I had proven myself to him and to the rest of the team. He put me on for most of the first few games, but not the finals. He still didn't think I was good enough to play in such an important game. With ten minutes left, however, I got my chance. We were leading by two points, and the coach probably figured the game was ours, so he put me on. Unfortunately, the game wasn't yet ours. With two minutes remaining, the other team scored. Still there were only two minutes left, so the coach didn't take me off. However, with thirty-three seconds left on the clock, they scored again to tie it up. The coach was so mad he couldn't think straight and again he overlooked the fact that he had kept me on all this time. Thirty-three seconds wasn't enough time, though, for either team to score another goal. The game was still a tie, and would have to be decided by a penalty shot competition.

All that I can remember now is that I scored the third and game-winning penalty shot. The team had won the championship, but I had scored the winning goal—and everybody knew it.



DRIVER'S ED.

by

ANDREW SCACE, Grade 12

*O*k, why don't you just hop in the car and we'll go for a drive. Have you ever driven before? Oh, that's ok, you'll be an ace driver in no time.

Ya, ace driver in no time, my ass. Look at this guy. He looks as if he has two left feet and those glasses he has on — where can I pick up a pair? They're as thick as welder's glasses. He can't be as bad as that last student I had. That kid almost killed me. Thank God, at least he knows how to turn on the car, I hate when students don't know how to do that. Oh God! He's horrible! I think I have whiplash from the start.

Yes, that was fine, you should just try and ease your foot onto the gas peddle

when you start.

If you don't ease up I'll put your head to the gas peddle. Maybe I was wrong. He seems to be doing all right now. I seem to jump to conclusions a lot — most of the time I'm right. I guess not thi. . . OH NOOO! WE ARE GOING DOWN A ONE-WAY STREET THE WRONG WAY. I'M GOING TO DIE!!!

Calmly put your foot on the brake and pull off to the side of the road. When the cars pass, turn around and proceed the right way.

I knew this stupid kid was trouble when I first laid eyes on him. What was he thinking? He knew what the one-way sign looked

like. Does he not have any common sense? He probably just could not see the sign because his glasses are too thick. Let's make this kid sweat a little bit.

Even though you have never driven before, I would like you to parallel park behind that car up there. Oh, you'll do fine, go on and try.

This will be a laugh, I can't wait to see this. I bet he thinks the "R" is for rev. Here he goes. This is harder than I thought. He didn't . . . oh, he couldn't have . . . he did! He hit the other car! This is not my day. Thank the lord that this is only a half hour lesson.

Hey! Not to worry! These things happen! At least there's no damage to the other car.

Too bad my car is ruined. I wish we lived in a city without morons. Things would be a lot less complicated. My job would be a lot safer, that's for sure. At least I can go home soon. What?

This is a two hour lesson? Wow, that's terrific! We can work on that parking of yours! By the end of two hours you will be a parking wizard! ■

IT MIGHT BE EASY FOR YOU

by

ALEXANDER MONIZ-BROWN, Grade 10



THE golden shaft of light danced across the window sill like a sly cat. Debby sat quietly in the corner of the room with a blanket over her knees. She was aware of her soft wheezing breath and the slow beating in her chest. Her life was in this room; she was this room. "Why did I be-

come this way?" she muttered in despair. Debby glanced around the room looking for something to do that would not tire her out. Before, she could have played games on the computer; now it seemed even a character walking across the screen was too fast. No more arcade games. They were too difficult. "I was the best at Mortal Kombat," she thought. But now she could barely breathe without getting tired. At first it had just been shorter time to play at school. Then it was earlier to bed. But now it was no school, and she hardly ever left the room, and when she did it was being pushed out in her wheelchair. "I would give anything to back to school. I, mean, sure, school was hard sometimes, but it was a lot more fun than this."

Debby's mother walked into the room. She came over to Debby and said quietly, as if not to hurt her ears, "Are you ready to go out, my dear?" She smiled. Debby just nodded. So her mother walked up to the chair and began to push delicately. When the screen door slammed shut, she was free. Debby stared at the garden. Last time she had been out the garden had been dead. But today the birds were singing, the flowers were out. She longed to be able to go and pick the flowers. But she couldn't. This was a mockery. The flowers were laughing at her. She tried to throw off the blanket, but she couldn't. In despair, she just closed her eyes and said, "Please take me inside!" ■



ALLEGORY

by

TIM ADAMS, Grade 9

THE valley was deserted except for a few black birds perched on the leafless trees. A slight breeze swept down and made the tall, dark-green grass shiver. The sky was grey. The first rain drops padded the rotting, reddish-brown shingles of Benjamin's roof. Ben was an old Brick factory that had been shut down several years ago. He had been boarded up and bolted shut and was falling apart. His bricks were crumbling, his windows were broken, his floorboards were decaying and his machinery was rusting. He was a good old factory when he was working, but when the company went bankrupt, he was forgotten.

"Bronwen, why has it been raining so often lately?" he said as a light drizzle came down. "It makes me even more depressed. What I would give to be running again! To be manufacturing more bricks than you've ever seen. To be important again."

Bronwen was an old wrecking crane that was used for special jobs around the brickworks when it was working. She used to smash the rejected bricks so they could be discarded after their expulsion from the factory. Other tasks of hers were to smash out particularly stubborn pieces of clay from the valley walls so they could be fired into brick. She was also very lonely and longed to be used again, probably even more so than Ben.

"I know. I'd love to be able to smash bricks into splinters again. But they have no use for us anymore. We're worthless. Oh I do wish the rain would stop indeed!"

Considering she had been sitting beside

Ben for almost two years now, Bronwen was in pretty good shape. Aside from a bit of rust here and there and a broken caterpillar track, she was fine. Her engine still worked, she just had no fuel. Ben was surprised she hadn't been bashed into scrap metal yet because of the war goods metal ration that was taking place. She would have to be careful of that, but Ben would protect her.

Later that evening a truck arrived with five men. The truck had a great crane attached to it. Ben read the white letters painted on the side of the monstrous machine. It read: JOHN DEERE CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT. Bronwen panicked.

"Ben, what are they doing! They're taking me away! Is this it?" Ben's mind raced. The crane slowly swooped down over her and clamped onto her roof. Two men came out to help with the loading. One spoke to Bronwen.

"Don't worry, lassie. You're going to be all fixed up when we're through. Just like a new machine." He signalled to the crane operator to hoist her up onto the trailer as he patted Bronwen's gas tank. A hollow pang sound came from it.

"Did you hear that, Ben! They're gonna fix me. They're paying attention to me!" she cried as she was lowered onto the trailer. "They love me!" Bronwen was secured to the truck and they were ready to leave. Before they left, one of the men looked up at Ben.

"T's a piece o'work, n't it!" He tipped

his hat and spat on the ground in front of Ben. He clambered into the front seat. Ben felt like crying as he watched the truck with Bronwen wind up the hills with a roar, off into the distance. Ben felt a mixture of betrayal, loneliness and a tad of jealousy. It stopped raining.

A few days later, Ben awoke to a loud noise. He slowly opened his shutters to find out just what was going on. A large truck was unloading two brand new looking wrecking cranes and construction workers were swarming the place. One of the wrecking cranes was Bronwen.

"Oh, Ben!" she cried. "Look at me! They love me, Ben. They care about me. I feel great!" Ben wondered what all the confusion was all about when he remembered the other evening. The harsh words of the John Deere employee rang through his mind. He was going to be torn down. His feeling of betrayal turned to anger. The workers didn't really care, they were just using her to make more money.

"Do you realize what you're about to do?! They don't care about you! Don't be stupid. Don't do it."

"I have to obey them. I love them. Look what they did for me!" Bronwen showed off her shiny new yellow body. "I'm repaying them for caring about me!"

"They don't care! No!" Ben cried as he watched one of the construction workers signal Bronwen to wind up for the first swing. Bronwen wound up. It started to rain. (END)

THE EVOLUTION OF WAR

by

ANDREW DUDGEON, Grade 9

A long time ago, People were weak creatures. They lived in caves and trees or whatever else was convenient. They were constantly prey to other greater beasts, like the Manticore, Hippogryph and the Chimera. Each predator had his unique style.

The Manticore, who was composed of the body of a lion, the wings of a dragon, the head of a man, and the tail of a scorpion, would often raid the human settlements and sting the People with his tail, paralyzing them and later devouring them at his leisure.

The Hippogryph, who was a great beast with the hind-quarters of a horse, the torso and arms of a lion, and the wings and head of a hawk, would fly in circles above the People, scaring them and chasing them around until it had one isolated. Then it would pounce.

The Chimera was more of a direct creature. It had the body of a goat, the tail of a snake and three heads each resembling those of a lion, snake and a goat. It would rush into a camp and start eating the People on the spot. The People, being too weak to do anything about it, would cower in a hole until the beast passed.

But soon, the People learned what to do. When a Hippogryph approached, they would climb into a cave, too small for the horse size creatures to enter. With a Manticore, they would climb a tree, as its wings were merely vestigial. But when a Chimera passed, it caused the People a good deal of grief. They couldn't fight back, as they were peaceful berry eaters. They had no concept of war or battle. Sometimes they would climb trees, but they were easily knocked

down. Others would climb into caves, but the Chimera was silent and patient. It could stalk prey for days without making a noise, and when a Person hid in a cave, it often would wait outside the cave until the Person either came out or starved to death, just as a matter of principle.

One day, just on the far side of the Grievance Mountain range, a tribe of People was out picking berries when suddenly a pride of Manticores attacked the unsuspecting People. Many were killed as the manticores lay about them left and right. Suddenly a shaft of light flashed out of the sky, passing right through a near-by manticore, killing it instantly. It was followed by more and more flashes of light, until the whole pride lay dead at the People's feet. Looking up, they spotted fifteen golden figures descending from the sky. They appeared to be People, but they were too tall, and they were shining like the sun. The People, more terrified by this new menace than by the familiar one, started to run. Suddenly, they found themselves fixed in place, unable to move as a golden field surrounded them. The golden creatures landed, and one Person was freed from the stasis-spell, his name was Rune.

One of the golden people approached Rune, and suddenly Rune found he was able to communicate with this strange tall creature. The creature introduced himself as Garlon, one of the Golden Warriors. He asked Rune why his people put up with being killed by beasts? Why did they not even try to protect themselves?

"We cannot," Rune said, "We eat berries, and we have no teeth or claws. What are we to do?"

"I'll show you," Garlon replied, "Watch this."

Rune watched as Garlon took a stick out of a sheath on his back. As he brought it closer to Rune, he could see that it was bent slightly and had a string tied from one end to the other. Garlon took another shorter stick out of his sheath, notched it on the string stick, pulled back, and the

shorter stick went flying. Thunk! Right into the trunk of a nearby tree.

Many decades later, the People were taller. They had learned how to use weapons and to fend for themselves. They were no longer pestered and eaten by the beasts. Arrows and swords had taken care of that. Whenever a Hippogryph was foolish enough to fly near a city of the People, it was soon discouraged by a few well-placed arrows.

Rune, now an old and respected man, looked back and reflected on how the People had gotten to where they were now. The Golden Warriors had abandoned them a few years earlier. As their population continued to grow, the People needed more space, so they tried to take over the settlement across the river from them. Their intentions were good. They wanted to assimilate the other People and share their great technology with them, but the other People did not want to join their empire and fought back. Surprisingly enough, they had a similar story in which the great Silver Men had come down and taught them how to eat meat and the other skills of death. They fought back with similar weapons with different names, thus starting the War of Grievance.

A tear ran down Rune's wrinkled cheek. All nine of his sons and daughters had died in the war, leaving him a lonely old man with no one to look after him. What had started out as a simple expansion project had ended in tragedy. Now, the People were fighting three new tribes of People, who without their armor looked like those of Rune's tribe. The weapons that the strange creature had given them had evolved. The bows had better accuracy, and the swords were sharper. Using another skill they had been taught, called Mathematics, they had designed a device that could throw a large boulder far across the river. They were going to call it a catapult.

"Why!" he asked himself out loud "Why did they come? What was the point?" he cried. "Why?"

A Fishy Tale

by

David Campbell

Grade 7

What's happening? Why can't I see? I want to know what's happening! Last thing I remember was crossing a street and hearing a constant honking!?!

I was getting something from a store (I think?)

Hold on! I lived in . . . uh? I think . . . no, I know that I was crossing the street. My God, I'm dead! But I can't be!?!

First, where did I live? All I remember is tall buildings, muggers, homeless people, exceedingly wealthy people, a tall lady holding a torch and wearing a toga and big yellow taxi cabs. Let's see, that would be New York.

I must have been hit by a taxi when I was crossing a road. Somehow, I'm coldly warm and since I'm dead, or so I believe, I can't be a lawyer! (I dream up the worst jokes..)

Now, if I'm coldly warm, I must be

a reptile or a fish. I could be a snake, but I was one of those in my previous life.

As I said before, I dream up the worst jokes.

Well, I guess I'll just have to wait and find out what I am.

*** *** ***

I'm a fish! But what kind? I guess I'll look at a brother or sister of mine.

Let's see, it looks like I'm a salmon.

I might as well get acquainted.

"Hey, bro! I'm your brother."

"Blub"

"Have you been reincarnated also?"

"Blub"

"I see. So, you were Elvis". (I wish my wife was here.)

"Blub. Uh, huh"

"Well, let's go downstream".



"Blub".

*** *** ***

Later that year . . .

"So, Elvis, let's see what's over there. If it's okay with you . . .?"

"Blub".

"Uh, Elvis, we're in a fish net. A fine mess you got us into! What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Gasp!"

*** *** ***

The next day . . .

"After my husband was hit and killed by a taxi in New York, I moved out here to Victoria; everything there reminded me of him.

"This is the best salmon I've ever tasted . . ."



THE CHURCH

by
JONATHAN LOFFT, Grade 6

FATHER JOHN MCRAE was doing some errands around the church, changing hymn numbers, straightening curtains, fluffing pillows, and so on. He was very nervous because of the big upcoming service.

A new choir would be coming; Reverend Tomlinson and Bishop McKinley would be present, and Chris Dawes would be playing the organ. Despite his nerves, deep inside, Father McRae was quite content with his little church of St. Paul's in Coburg.

Meanwhile, the streets of Coburg were bustling with activity, preparing for the long weekend ahead. The farmers' market had a wide variety of fruits and vegetables, appealingly displayed. Pumpkins were being sold by the dozens. To top it off, the Masons and the Shriners were holding a county fair.

Alex Andrews was a strange child, obsessed with death, ever since he could remember. His friends thought him pretty cool, except for Gary Bronzman and John Harold.

One day, these two caught Alex selling cigarettes and knives to some other students. Since Alex was only in grade five, the school let it go, punishing him only by giving him lines and a detention.

As the days passed, Father McRae's nervousness increased, and

Alex kept getting into trouble. He seemed always to be drawing maps of something, or could be heard muttering to himself.

Another boy in Alex' class, Mark Naismith was altar boy at St. Paul's. One day, as Mark went into the classroom during the lunch hour to get a tennis ball, he noticed one of Alex' maps, and decided to take a look. What he saw shocked him! It was an exact blueprint of St. Paul's, with all the secret doors and traps shown. There was only one thing written on the map, and that was the date — November 1.

Mark decided to tell Gary and John what he had seen. They were not particularly surprised, and the three of them sat down to devise a secret plan.

Finally, November the first arrived. Alex arrived at St. Paul's at 6:30 in the morning, before anyone else had arrived. First he put on a long black cape and a white mask, and then went silently through the church, preparing for his plan. He placed a knife under the bench cushion of the organ, and sprinkled sting powder over the keys. Thinking he heard someone coming, he ran quickly to hide behind the altar. When the noise passed, he set to work again. He poured poison into the communion wine, as well as in tea and coffee carafes downstairs. After that he went around loosening

the steps all around the chancel, and finally loosened the support cables for the upper balcony, which would undoubtedly be full. Oh yes, one final touch, stun powder on all of the bibles, prayer and hymn books.

At lunch, Gary and John left school to go to St. Paul's. Mark was to stay at the school till three, unless they called him, in which case he was to race to St. Paul's immediately. Mark received no phone call, because both Gary and John were hanging, skinned and dead in a closet. When Mark got to the church, he was surprised to find no one around, but he went downstairs to put on his altar boy robes. No crucifer! This was very weird, and Mark decided to go up and ask Father McRae all about it. No one answered his frantic knocking. Mark phoned 911, but as he was hanging up the receiver, he turned and saw Alex coming towards him with a cleaver. The chase was on!

Within a few minutes, police were everywhere, and Mark caught in the middle. Suddenly shots rang out. Alex was running down the nave, this time with a gun in his hand, shooting at the police. Mark was the first to fall. When it was all over, everyone lay dead, the clergy, the police, Mark and Alex. All of them dead. It seemed that even the strength of all the saints couldn't stop the All Saints' Massacre! ■

WE MUST PURSUE SPACE EXPLORATION

by
MATTHEW ODELL, Grade 5



IMAGINE, the year is 1900. Columbus never set sail across the Atlantic Ocean. In fact, it was decided that until all of the problems in Europe were solved, no money would be spent on unnecessary exploration. The problems were never totally solved. As time went on, because there was so little land for so many people, the problems increased. Meanwhile, 2000 miles to the West, lay North America with all of its natural resources and treasures still intact, unknown to the proud but ignorant Europeans.

I think we would all agree that Queen Isabella would have made a big mistake by not sending Christopher Columbus across the Atlantic, and I feel that, if we are not very careful, we may be making the same mistake if we do not continue to pursue space exploration.

I realize that we have many problems to deal with on earth, such as disease, hunger, crime, war, pollution, etc. We definitely need to improve on these aspects of life, but we still need to work towards space travel — it is our destiny.

Already the spin-offs of our space programs have paid off. Hospitals are often getting new technologies from NASA.

Experience gained from developing space suits for the astronauts has resulted in better fire-fighting suits for fire fighters. Industry has been able to use many new materials thanks to NASA's hard work. The space program, according to the U.S. News and World Report, has developed over 30,000 new products.

Our space program is pulling together to make a better future for our earth but our funding for NASA has dropped by over 8 billion dollars over the last 28 years. This pattern cannot continue. Our future is at stake! Just as Columbus had no idea how much his discovery would change our planet's history, we cannot fully comprehend the benefits that await us in space. For all we know, the cure for cancer or heart disease lies in a plant in the forest of a far away planet. If we have international cooperation in exploring the unknown galaxies of space, it could help solve our never-ending political problems. When compared to beings from other planets, we are, after all, earthlings first, and citizens of countries second. Perhaps we will even find alien cultures who will give us a better understanding of life itself. ■

THE BALL

by
MATTHEW SOHM, Grade 4

IN the schoolyard one day, while playing catch, I saw a squirrel run up a tree with a ball in its mouth. After it got all the way up, it leaped to another tree, while letting the ball out of its mouth. The ball flew a

long way, as if the squirrel had caught a fly ball and was trying for a double play. After this, a seagull landed on it, and was moving round and round on the ball as if he was in the circus. After this, Oliver leaped out from behind the bushes and chased the seagull away. Then, Oliver began sharpening his claws on it, tore it open, and that was the end of that ball. ■

BY KEVIN LINT

Address delivered on Prize Day, Thursday, June 16th, 1994

Board of Governors, Mr. Latimer, Honoured Guests, Staff, fellow graduates, ladies and gentlemen:

As we students battled our way through the junior and senior schools here at Royal St. George's College, one thing always seemed clear to us — graduation from high-school was miles away. We sat in those same seats, just like many of you here this afternoon, watching the procession while older brothers or friends walked across the stage and received their graduation diplomas. Now it is our turn to walk across this stage. The piece of paper just placed in your hands, will change our lives profoundly. We will no longer have to face Mr. McElroy's terrifying math classes; fight our way out of clog-ups or tree-tortures; face obnoxious teenagers in the park; or hear about Sparky's quote — activities — of the weekend. But we will certainly remember Mr. Orlando's innovative teaching methods of putting 'stars' and 'boxes' in the 'basement' of fundamental mathematical equations; or Mr. Schreiner's somewhat comedic relief during a double Bio-lab; or

Mr. D'Arcy's software program which allows us to actually visualize calculus functions. As our final year at the school approached, it became clear to us that this was the year to make the difference. This year's grads had the egos, the confidence, and the ability to make a difference. But it was up to each of us to deliver, in this our final and in many ways most crucial year, as we began our preparation for university.

As was forecast, the school took a major step towards reconstructing the house system this year. Several great new ideas erupted with the help of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Lee, including house baseball, basketball, debating, and even ball hockey in the gym. Julian, Nick, Doug and Sparky, along with several others, did their best in collecting recruits to fill spots on the various house teams. These events gave everyone a much needed escape from class, stress and the dreaded lunch duty. While Gord and Phil made sure that each social event was an absolute success, Alex and Alex, Brian and Ernest organized numerous events in the Junior school. Three successful school athletic meets and the banquet were organized and advertised by Cam and Fraser, while Matt

headed debating and managed the financing of the prefects — which is not an easy task.

Important contributions were made in many different areas by grads who were awarded steward ties. Special thanks to Brian, Sandy, Ernest, Simon, Aaron, Christian, Anik, Faizel and Colin for their constant support of the school and its programs throughout the year. I wish Aaron and his team the best of luck next year, and I hope that they will enjoy it just as much as we did.

Many events this year were particularly memorable. The lipsync was a great success — Branksome won — Crescent *didn't*; and no Georgians cross-dressed (myself included). There were prefect breakfasts with the usual girls' schools at the Black Rooster, and also with Loretta College — a definite breakthrough in communication. Skits — well, skits proved to be a highlight of this academic year — assemblies were just not the same whenever Julian and Doug took over. We had everything: press conferences, Cambridge interviews, election previews, a drunken Santa Claus chopping off little Gordie's hand, and a rather masculine Whitney Houston —

VALEDICTORY



surrounded by exotic dancers who were definitely female. Let's face it — the skits were great, even if they did cross the very fine line a few times — but who could complain? (Looked over at JRL. Laughter.) For those of you who couldn't quite hear either these magnificent skits, or Mr. Ackley rambling on in assembly, the grads of 1994 have purchased a microphone, amplifier and speakers for Ketchum Hall. It is our hope, that this will make assemblies more enjoyable, and much shorter.

Even before Her Majesty the Queen designated us as Royal, our college has been evolving. A glance through the yearbooks is enough proof of this, and the future shape of the school is yet to be defined. Will the property purchase ever close? Will the renovations change the character of the school? Probably — and I'm confident that it will be for the better. But no matter how much the physical make-up of the school may change over the years to come, one thing is for certain — the deep commitment to high quality education will definitely *not* change. It hasn't in the seven years I've been here, and I know it won't change in the future. It is the staff and the administration which make

As we now look back over the years, we realize the essays and tests we wrote, eucharists we attended, symphonies we heard, and plays we watched all had a purpose. We know now their true importance ... self-discipline and values which will remain.

this possible through their hard work and perseverance. It is these individuals whom we, as graduates of the College, wish to thank. As we now look back over the years, we realize the essays and tests we wrote, Eucharists we attended, symphonies we heard, and plays we watched, all had a purpose. We now know their true importance — not only to educate us, but to give us a sense of self-discipline and awareness of important values which will remain with us for the rest of our lives. For all the special time you placed in our education — and the faith you placed in us — we thank you.

Special thanks to the staff's leadership. Mr. Latimer — a strong and enthusiastic role model, who meets the diverse challenges as Head Master with grace, good humour and great skill at building solidarity. And Mr. Pengelly. His commitment to getting the best out of every Georgian is so clear — he's

truly a great principal of the Senior school.

But who gave us this opportunity to study and receive a far superior education? Who was it that stood by us for all those years of high-school and encouraged us to do our best, helping us to prove to ourselves that we can handle pressure and challenge? It is to our *parents* that we are so deeply grateful, and we wish to thank them for providing us with a clear and prospective future.

Over the years, pleasant memories have been etched in our minds. Our time here at Royal St. George's has come to an end, but I know we won't be forgotten. Dave and Craig made sure of that with their mural in the weight room. Who could forget Bruce, piping in various processions; or the Magic Touques serenading us with their somewhat melodic harmony. The College set out to teach us and to prepare us for university — our next journey — and with the knowledge and skills we've acquired, the friendships we've made, and yes, in most cases, the maturity we've achieved, we're ready. Ready to move on -- but not without the wonderful and deeply ingrained sense of this College, its staff, its students, and its values.

TEAMS



FALL SOCCER •

VOLLEYBALL • CROSS-

COUNTRY



Support is all-important to the players



Evis moves to thwart an attack



Back row: John Pennal, Mark Andersen, Feizal Satchu, David Gibbs, David Vaillancourt, Kevin Fint, Julian Thornbury, Cam Rose, Andrew Blanchette, Mr. Evans. Front row: Phil Hardie, Nick Boyce, Nick Blanchette, Bryce Carter, Geoffrey Mariani, Scott Yelle, Alex Evis, Huey Lee, Naohide Nasu, Ravi Jagasia



If it's your ball, go through a wall to get it

Firsts soccer

This year, our senior team hosted the CAIS National Tournament, held at Sunnybrook Park. (Thanks to Mr. Ackley for organizing it.)

The boys successfully claimed top honours in their divisional match-ups, which allowed them the opportunity to advance to the championship round. Unfortunately, however, they lost their quarter final match, in a 2-1 overtime thriller.

Solid efforts from the entire team resulted in a most rewarding and satisfying, successful season, nonetheless.

Good luck to our graduating seniors, Kevin Lint (co-captain), Julian Thornbury (co-captain), Nick Blanchette, Alex Evis, Cam Rose, Huey Lee, Feizal Satchu and "Sparky" Andersen

Overall record (including exhibition, League and Tournament games):

Wins	Ties	Losses	Goals for	Goals against
5	1	9	28	32

Thank you to everyone who supported our team this year

Mr. Evans



Aw, rel?

FIRSTS SOCCER (CONT)



Yo, Mr Evans! Dat ain't fair



When all else fails, try prayer



I don't think I'm looking my best



Girls love it when you do this



I'm joining the ballet next year



So, you get 'em in the back like this



Let me at that water bottle!





Oooh, my undies feel too tight!



Oooh, my undies feel too loose!
They're slipping down!



The noble staff ninjas, warriors of speed, stealth and camouflage. (The two honorary staff standing to the left of Mr Nakatsu are Mr Adrian Thornbury, and Mr Thornbury senior.)

STAFF-STUDENT SOCCER 1993-94

Centre photos show, from the top:

- Mr Evans: He'll see I haven't lost it yet.
- Mr Nakatsu: I'll try to live up to my sweater motto
- Mr Love: Hay, Ref! He's too close!





Drew watches as Elliott starts to kick



UNDER 16 SOCCER

Back row: Justin Kutzko, Michael Kelly, George Bassel, Jamie Lint, Elliott Hughes, Phillip Blanchette, Mr Orlando.

Front row: Greg Rosocha, Tim Boyce, Drew Pearson, Jason Pantalone, Peter Wharton, Andrew Sjögren, Carr Hatch, Glen Lou-Hing, Alastair Kellett.



Phillip runs to intercept

UNDER 14 SOCCER

Back row: Marcel Merath, Matthew Barrington, Tim Phillips, Ted Meighen, Daniel Thomson, Alexis Levine, Mr Hutchison.

Front row: Tim Nagel, Anthony Kingsley, Robert Sternberg, Chasen Paul, Daniel MacDonald, Adrian Kelly, Simon Cook-Roffey.

Kneeling, Alexander Ince-Cushman



Anthony gets his knees up



Peter wonders
is he on the
right field



Phillips starts an attack



Hutch (thinks): Gee, my hair used to be like Thornbury's

UNDER 14 SOCCER 1993-94 — comments from the
captains:

"Besides the coin toss, this season for the U 14 team was probably one of the best in several years. Anchored by strong, experienced defensive play and an opportunistic offensive core we easily posted a winning record. We would like to give special thanks to Mr. Thornbury's great coaching and the wonderful managerial skills of Mr. Hutchison. Thanks for a great season."

(Captains: Dan Thomson and Marcel Merath)



This is hard work!



I'm the goalie



Having a break



I'm a royal

UNDER 13 SOCCER

Back row: Chris Ford, Andrew Jones, Darcy Morris, David Gildiner, David Campbell, Michael Stratton, Joshua Estacion, Mr Ackley.

Front row: David Baker, Joe Fulton, Cameron Stark, Michel Mainardi, Jordie Thomson, Graham McLorie, Jeffrey Todd, Jamie Pope.



Boarding the plane

UNDER 12 SOCCER

Back row: Sean Phillips, Miller Peterson, Tarek Awad, Jamie McIntosh, Andrew Pettit, Adam Koebel, Mr O'Leary.

Front row: Evan Koebel, Fraser Buchanan, Rickesh Kotecha, Tim Clark, David Jones, Kyle Waters, Chris Rae, Jonathan Abraham.



Koebel moving in



Being blown



Shaking hands afterwards



On the ship



Totem pole dudes



Love your stance, Chris.



Darey flashes one for the camera

THE BIG EVENT of the Under Thirteen's year was their trip to the West Coast (Vancouver and Victoria). These pictures commemorate that trip.



Always listen to the coach



I am Larek. See my skill. See me go. Ooops!

SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

The 1993 version of the Senior Volleyball team was a mix of eager veterans and anxious rookies looking for the same prize: the ISAA Championship. The rookies (Chris George, Andrew von Teichman, Matt Rubinoff, Matt Kelly, and Jamie Frawley) were fresh off an ISAA championship season and the seniors (Jamie Press, Fraser MacFarlane, Ernie Chan, Kid Merath, Aaron Thompson, Tom Keefe and Chris Shannon) were coming off a very respectable season, having squeaked their way into the play-offs.

However, the season did not go as planned, and our team started off at a dismal pace of no wins and eight losses.

Mr Nakatsu, our coach, decided it was time for a mid-season onslaught in order to make the play-offs. Our next game, versus Appleby, proved to be the highlight of our '93 campaign, and we

edged them out 3-2 in a five set marathon. Despite this win, our team failed to win another game, and we finished up the season riding a 1-15 record.

Many thanks to our coach, Mr Nakatsu, for sticking with us through everything, especially our losing streak; and to Tim Pacaud (manager) (who was the best scoreboard operator/water boy the school has ever seen!)

Andrew von Teichman

P.S. To those seniors whose dreams were not fulfilled this year, we rookies will do it for you next year!

Senior Volleyball: back row: Jamie Press, Fraser Macfarlane, Chris George, Andreas Merath, Matthew Kelly, Tom Keefe, Tim Pacaud. • Front row: Aaron Thompson, Jamie Frawley, Andrew v. Teichman, Chris Shannon, Mr Nakatsu.



UNDER 14 VOLLEYBALL ▶

Back row: Geoff Cowper-Smith, Sam Gildiner, Mark Otema, Michael v. Teichman, Thomas D'Arcy, Adam Green, Mr Schreiner • Front row: Justin Wallace, Arden Church, Dwayne Jackson (Captain), John Maggiacomo, Andrew Haust





U 16 volleyball finished with a rather disappointing record of 1-6: the record might have been much better, though, as the team was very competitive, and the losses were very close games. Team members such as John Golding, Robert Bell, Gavin Bee, Andrew Bryant and Toby Gibson made excellent improvement during the year. Strong leadership was provided by captains, Derrick de Kerekhove and Graham Wright. Wait till next year!



UNDER 16 VOLLEYBALL

Back row: Mr Cooper, Robert Bell, Angus Robinson, Andrew Bryant, John Golding, Jamie Robertson, Graham Wright, Toby Gibson • Front row: Evan Schwartz, Mike Vitorovich, Joshua McKillop, Scott McMaster, Gavin Bee, Derrick de Kerekhove

EXCERPT FROM AN INTERVIEW with the U.14 volleyball coach in *Sport Illustrated*, November 1993.

SI You've had a pretty lousy season this year.

Coach: In a way, yeah. But you're being a little too hard on the team.

SI That was a 1 to 12 record, wasn't it?

Coach: Yeah. But we had a lotta spunk and energy. The guys was great that way!

SI I heard only two showed up the first day for practice. Sounds to me the game isn't that popular at R.S.G.C.

Coach: Sure, it was disappointing, but it turned out good, anyways. (I gotta talk dis ungrammatical way to sound like a real toughie coach. You unnerstand?) But, seriously, Cowper-Smith and

Teichman worked out real well and they had the leadership and enthusiasm we needed. Word got around about the great fun we had during practices and on those awesome road trips. We soon had nine more guys on the team.

SI What's the deal for next year?

Coach: Well, we gotta lotta young guys on the team this year. Guys that I kinda hope will be back next year.

SI How would you sum up the season?

Coach: Well, I'd say the guys learned a lot of stuff, and they had a good time doing it.

SI What about a co-ed team next year?

Coach: ""

(With thanks to Mr Schreiner, who used his influence to get us this interview.)



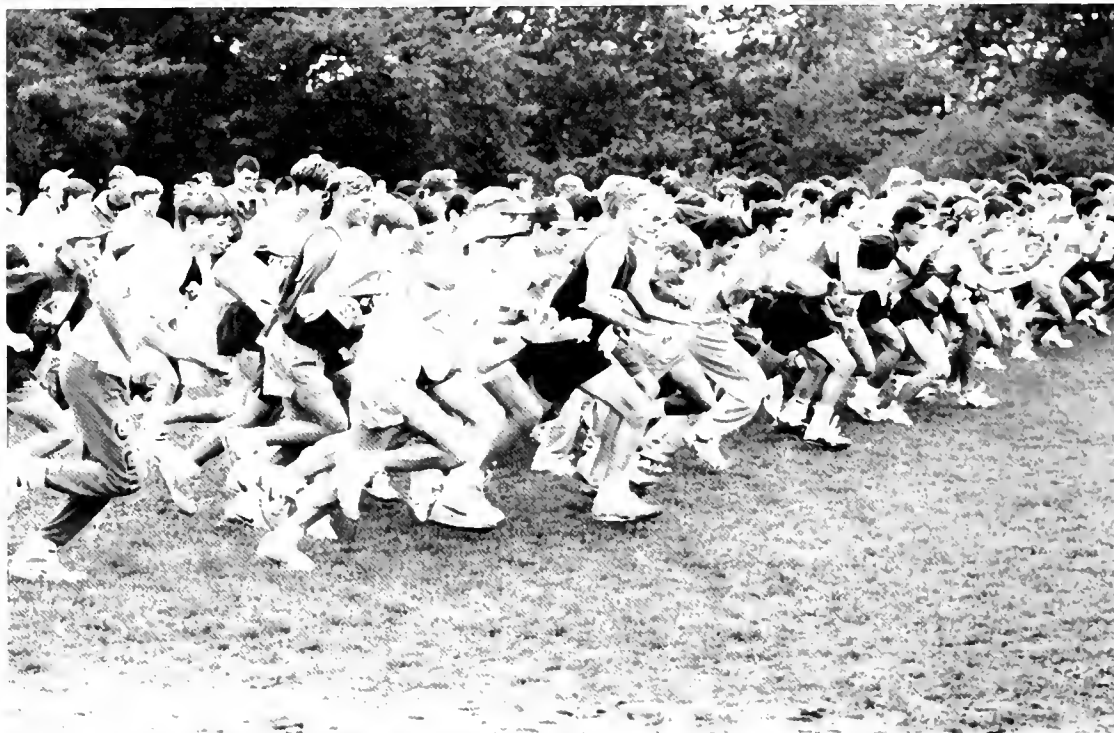
TEAMS

WE SEE a typical massed start to a cross-country race in the large picture right. Our own Jens is visible at the left of the picture.

Our cross-country team is pictured below. Back row: Mr Siewert, Jens Videbak, Albert Ho, Michael Adams, Matthew Boland. Front row: Daniel Medd, Ivan Tsang, Ivan Chin, Trevor Thompson.

In other cross-country news, the cross-country "top ten" in internal competition were: Julian Thornbury (Canterbury), Matthew Chubb (Canterbury — 1992 winner), Kevin Lint (Westminster — 1991 winner), Mr Timm (Winchester), Harrison Keenan (Winchester), Tim Pacaud (Canterbury), Mr J. Keenan (York), Jamie Frawley (Winchester), Derrick de Kerckhove (Winchester), Mr Van Herk (Canterbury).

CROSS-COUNTRY



POLO SPORT

RALPH LAUREN



Wear It !



THE POLO STORE

RALPH LAUREN

Sherway Gardens Shopping Centre
25 The West Mall
Etobicoke, Ontario
620-0083

FIRSTS HOCKEY

The coaches were Mr O'Leary and Mr Lee

Back row: Chris Palalas, David Lindberg, Ernie Chan, John Miller, Ravi Jagasia, Mark Andersen, Sandy Cameron, Andrew Miller. •

Front row: Mr O'Leary, Naohide Nasu, Bryce Carter, Jason Taylor, Scott Yelle, Matt Madigan, Tim Pacaud.



UNDER 16 HOCKEY

MR KEENAN WRITES that the Under Sixteen Hockey team ended their season with two wins and two ties, but that every game was "up for grabs". The team's success can be attributed to many factors: 1) a solid defensive core (including steady goal-tending); 2) the experience of the centremen; 3) the hard work and improvement of the wingers; 4) the demonstration of leadership skills by many of the team members (Grades 9 to 11); 5) the organisation abilities of Evan and Neil. He enjoyed the team and wishes the members the best for next season.





UNDER 14 HOCKEY

Father Hill writes: —

The *Under Fourteen* hockey team had an interesting season. Practices were full of high enthusiasm and spectacularly aggressive play. But, alas, we were never able to carry that aggressiveness into any of our games — at least not to the extent where we could actually win any games.

The best effort was reserved for the end of the season at the I.S.A.A. tournament. After a sound trashing in the first game, our team went off to play very decent hockey in the other two. And we almost pulled it off. We almost won the final game. But, when we found ourselves tied with only three minutes to go, the shock was too much for us and we quickly surrendered our chances of victory.

Yet, we had fun. All we can say is, "Better luck next year."





They kept score



Supporters are vital



FIRSTS BASKETBALL

MR VAN HERK WRITES that the 1993-94 season was another "banner year" for the Senior basketball team. The Knights finished the regular season with a 9-1 record, their only loss coming at the hands of TCS, last year's champions. The team's exhibition schedule included a very competitive tournament in Victoria B.C., and a championship in the Appleby Invitational Tournament. Paced by a solid core of veterans and the strongest rookie group in years, the Knights progressed to the C.I.S.A.A. Tie II Finals for the fifth time in as many years, where they faced TCS once again. This time they came out on top, beating TCS in one of the most exciting games in RSGC's basketball history. Next season the senior team has opted to play in the Tier I Division and looks forward to another challenging season. • The record is: (League) 9-1, when playoffs are included, it's 11-1, overall 17-6; (tournaments) Victoria, 0-4, Appleby 4-0.

Back row Philippe Bedard, David Vaillancourt, Mr Van Herk, Geoff Golding, Fraser Macfarlane, Taylor Armstrong • Front row Hal Boshier, Matt Chubb, Shane Duff, Julian Thornbury, Geoffrey Mariani, Kevin Lint

UNDER 16 BASKETBALL

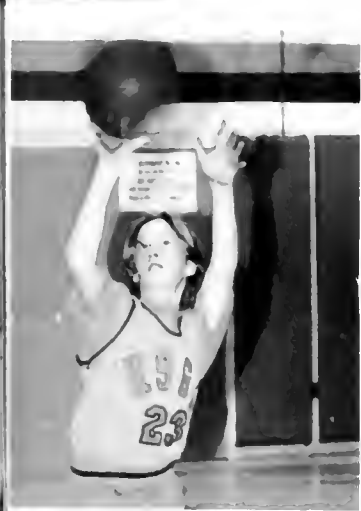
This year in basketball was a rebuilding season that was strengthened by four returning players — lead by co-captains Matt Morden and Adrian Press, and supported by Drew Gulyas and George Bassel. Fortunately the 'new' talent lead by Jamie Lint and Graham Wright was enough to bring us into the realm of underdog tournament contenders in the I.S.S.A. Our first opponent was the mighty blue from U.C.C. against whom we had a record of one and I in the regular season. After being down by a few points for most of the game we put together a strong run and came out on top by one point. In our second game against Appleby things fell apart and we were eliminated from the tournament by a score of 41-35. Although we did not get far in the final tournament we had a very successful season. We were involved in tournaments at St. Michael's University School in Victoria and at Appleby, where we lost in the championship game by two points. Under the guidance of Mr. Nakatsu, the team has solidified a solid basis for a strong team next year and prospects look good for next year.



UNDER 14 BASKETBALL

ELLIOTT HUGHES WRITES that the Under Fourteen basketball team had a great time this year, thanks to Mr Orlando. "From our trip to Ottawa, which Mr Ackley also helped with, to our trip to the I.S.A.A., our team always seemed to have fun. Heading into the I.S.A.A. it looked as though we were to play Hillfield in the finals, but during our semi-final game, both Michael Adams and I injured ourselves; but knowing the season was "on the line", we played on. With two players hurt, the rest of the team stepped up and made sure that if we lost, we'd lose with pride. Dan MacDonald, Adrian Kelly and Chasen Paul, especially, showed their leadership, spurring on all to have a strong game. But it wasn't enough, and we realized our season had finished. But, hey, it's not the score that counts, it's your attitude, and we had a good one!





UNDER 13 BASKETBALL

ISAA champions — against all odds!

The U.13 basketball team finished their regular schedule supporting an impressive record of eleven wins and only four losses (not including tournament play).

Offensively, the team was lead by the scoring touch of Darcy Morris, Josh Estacion and Graham McLorie. The team was also defensively solid with strong efforts coming from David Gildiner and Jeff Todd.

The highlight of the year was the I.S.A.A. championship, held at Crescent School. Going into the tournament our boys were ranked fourth over all, which left us a tough draw to the final.

Game 1 was against Crescent (ranked #3) and resulted in an 18:14 victory for us. Defense was the key to our success in this game.

Game 2 was versus Country Day School. The result was a 38:28 victory. The scoring touch of Darcy Morris proved invaluable in this game.

Next we progressed to the Divisional play-offs.

Game 3 versus Upper Canada College. The result? — A 44:41 victory! Effective here was a full-court press plus solid defense from David Gildiner and Josh Estacion.

Game 4 was against York School (ranked #5). We achieved a 48:47 victory. Jeff Todd's defense and Graham McLorie's scoring led us to victory.

Our I.S.A.A. team would like, through me, to thank the parents who enthusiastically supported the team.

Mr Evans



Is Dwayne dancing?



Where they practise their skills



UNDER 12 BASKETBALL

This year the College had five basketball teams. • The action pictures in this article are courtesy of Mr McNaughton, father of David.





Toadie offers up a prayer



THE SKIING TEAM 1993-94

Back row: Mr Kerr, Matthew Kelly, Matthew Rubinoff, Andrew v. Lech, Patrick Ronaldson, David Engle, Justin Hartwell, Stephen Brooks. Front row: Jordie Bunting, Trevor Allen, Alex Evis, Andrew Bryant, Peter Meyer, Leo Adams, Rob Burkett

Pressure of events precluded us from getting suitable team pictures of our baseball (Firsts team) and softball teams this year, so we bring you a selection of faces of team members, with apologies to those for whom we do not have a picture.

FIRSTS BASEBALL

Team members were: Taylor Armstrong, Sandy Cameron, Ernie Chan, John Damanis, Kevin Lint, Geoff Mariani, Matt Madigan, Tim Pacaud, Matt Rubinoff, Scott Yelle, Andrew v. Teichman.
The coach was Mr Kerr



No, it wasn't beer



UNDER 16 SOFTBALL



Team members were: George Bassel, Marc Burroni, Andrew Bryant, Tim Boyce, Brian Birnbaum, Derrick de Kerekhove, Justin Hartwell, Scott McMaster, Daniel McNamara, David Robinette, Olivier Raoult, Ben Watsa, Graham Wright. The coach was Mr O'Leary (above)



UNDER 14 SOFTBALL



Team members were: Michael Adams, Joshua Estacion, Justin Estacion, Chris Ford, Adam Green, Alexander Ince-Cushman, Jonathan Lee, Jonathan Millman, Ben Munger, Graham McLorie, Darcy Morris, Chasen Paul, Michael Popielaty, Michael Stratton.



The captains, Michael Adams and Michael Popielaty write:

— During the season, the Under Fourteen team played superbly. With a record of 9-1, including victories against UCC and Crescent (big schools with large numbers to draw on), we headed into the ISAA Tournament. In the tournament, the team was focussed and determined to win. We defeated Ridley College and Holy Trinity. As we approached the two top teams, UCC and Crescent, in the finals, we were still determined to win.

Unfortunately, we lost to both teams in close-scoring games.

Thanks once again, Coach Hutchison, for your patience, humour, and support. Special thanks to Ryan Gulyas for doing a great job as manager.





UNDER 12 SOFTBALL

Team members were David Baker, Drew Czernik, Joe Fulton, Adam Koebel, Evan Koebel, Rickesh Kotecha, Michel Mainardi, David McNaughton, Andrew Pettit, Sean Phillips, Jamie Pope, James Snider, Jordie Thomson, Kyle Waters

SENIOR TENNIS

Richard Rayfield, Harrison Keenan, Ravi Jagasia, Malcolm Wilkinson, David Lindberg, John Pennal, Mr Cooper.





Senior tennis had a relatively successful season, writes Mr Cooper. He goes on, We sported a 0 500 record during the regular season and put up a valiant effort at the ISAA championships. The team was led by number one singles player David Lindberg, and the veteran doubles team of Christiaan Piller and Richard Rayfield. There was also a strong contingent of younger players like Malcolm Wilkinson, Jason Pantalone, Steve Pratt. The future looks bright.



TENNIS, U.15 AND U.14

Under 15 Tennis, standing: Glen Lou-Hing, Evan Schwartz, Mark Han, Mr Keenan. Kneeling, Anthony Kingsley, Robert Sternberg, Mark Otema.

Mr Keenan writes, of both teams, that each had a wide range of talents and an ample number of participants. There was significant improvement in terms of tennis ability and conditioning (all players had to run the 1 1 mile including the steps of Casa Loma.) There was fierce competition for the seven spots that would form the team at the season finale. Both teams fared well at their ISAA tournament. Here the U 15's lost two tie breakers and were ousted in a "heartbreaker"



Under 14 Tennis, standing: Michael Anstey, Rob Clark, David Hwang, Mr Keenan. Kneeling: Justin Young, Daniel MacDonald, Dwayne Jackson, Derek Wong.

SENIOR BADMINTON

Trevor Allen, Dan Mudd, Larren Stoyka, Naohide Nasu, Philippe Bedard, Andrew Sjögren, Jamie Press, Mr Evans, Matthew Kelly.

Mr Evans writes: — The Senior badminton team had a competitive season led by outstanding performances by Adrian Press, Philippe Bedard, Larren Stoyka, and Most Valuable Player, Jamie Press.

Expectations for 1994-95 are excellent as the majority of the team is returning.



UNDER 16 BADMINTON

Standing: Gavin Bee, Matthew Morden, Jamie Lint, James Robertson, Asad Ladha, Jeremy Elliott, Mr Evans. Kneeling: Darcy Chandler, Phillip Blanchette, Marcel Merath, Pankaj Bhatia, Paul Saumets, Adam Powadiuk, Alastair Kellett.

The Under 16 badminton team finished second overall in the CISAA final tournament. Consistent play from our doubles teams proved invaluable throughout the season.

Well done! writes Mr Evans.



UNDER 14 BADMINTON

Mr Schreiner, Kevin Kutzko, Keith Lui, Simon Elliott, Paul O'Regan, Geoffrey Cowper-Smith.





TRACK AND FIELD TEAMS

Senior Track and Field (a part of, only) Huey Lee, Toby Gibson, Noah Waisberg, Behzab Ghotb, Bryce Carter, Daniel Thomson, Kneeling Andrew Blanchette, Krishna Jolliffe



Arden gets away at far left



Dan undergoes transfiguration



Duncan shows the effort required



Ted takes off



MEMORIES — THE YEAR 1993-94

July, 1993: Floods along the Mississippi • *August:* Michael Jackson's agony begins, as police search his ranch after allegations of child abuse. Later an out-of-court settlement will be reached • *September:* Israel and the PLO sign a pact giving Palestinian autonomy in the Gaza Strip and Jericho • *October:* a general election returns the Liberals to power in Canada; Mr. Jean Chrétien (right) is Prime Minister; the Progressive Conservatives are reduced to two members.

January, 1994: NAFTA enters into law on January 1st • *February:* The Winter Olympic Games open in Lillehammer, Norway; the Tonya Harding-Nancy Kerrigan scandal clouds them • *March:* At the Oscar ceremonies in Hollywood, the Best Picture is *Schindler's List*, the Best Director is the director of *Schindler's List*, Stephen Spielberg, the Best Actor is Tom Hanks for *Philadelphia*, the Best Actress is Holly Hunter for *The Piano*.

April: South Africa holds its first democratic elections; a frightful civil war breaks out in Rwanda; the Toronto Raptors is the name given to Toronto's basketball team; ViVi Leimonis is shot to death in a Toronto café by an illegal alien • *May:* a civil war starts in Yemen; Nelson Mandela is South Africa's (black) President; Michael Fay is caned in Singapore for vandalism; an annular eclipse of the sun takes place over Toronto (next one in 2021 A.D.); Ontario's first casino opens in Windsor; Palestinian police take over in Gaza and Jericho (4th May) • *June:* the World Cup of soccer opens in the U.S.A.; the fiftieth anniversary of D-Day is celebrated; Ontario cuts out-of-country medical coverage to the bone; the O.J. Simpson murder case is in all the papers and on TV news every day.

Two young people's summer movies playing were: *The Flintstones* and *The Lion King*.

Deaths: 1993; Curly Joe de Rita, actor, of The Three Stooges; Stewart Granger, actor; Raymond Burr, actor ('Perry Mason'); Hervé Villechaize, actor; Federico Fellini, director, and Vincent Price, actor; Anthony Burgess, novelist; Tommy Sexton, comedian (Coco), Frank Zappa, "rock wise guy", and Don Ameche, actor.

1994: Telly Savalas, actor ('Kojak'); Joseph Cotton, actor; Dinah Shore, singer and actress; Melina Mercouri, Greek actress and Minister for Culture and John Candy, actor; Eugene Ionesco, absurdist playwright; Jacqui Onassis; Henri Mancini, musician.



Jean Chrétien





That's the way now



Jelly beans! What a great place!



The new Grade 3's and 4's



Soon you'll get the hang of it



This is me and my mum



Me and my mum, too



Beautiful dreamer



Wondering if it's baloney?

NEW BOYS' ORIENTATION DAY (above)
MOTHER-SON WEEKEND
 This was a first in recent times, following on last year's father-son weekend. It took place in September, and was a great start to the year for the participants.

HIGH PARK DAY



Johnny made quite a fashion statement



NEW PARENTS' EVENING



Doug and Philip entertained



Mrs Frawley and Mrs D'Onofrio welcomed new parents



FROST CENTRE,
DORSET
(OCTOBER)





There's life there yet



Bieber wore *all* the colours



Grade 8 Proficiency Award winners



The Adams boys with Mrs Adams





HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en is celebrated every year, mostly by the Junior School. In 1993, we had a ghost story competition (above are candidates ready to tell their stories), pumpkin carving, and costume competitions. It makes for an interesting day.



STRATFORD

You get to sit through Shakespeare in modern dress (yuk), and later, snaffle down, in a horrendously crowded fast-food place, the usual fare. You get home late. But, "it beats working".





OKTOBERFEST

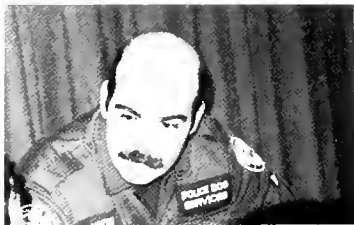
Die Deutschstudierenden Schueler feiern jaehrlich, mit Wuerste, Getraenke und schoener Bekleidung, eine kleine Oktoberfest. Hier sehen wir sie. Prosit allerseits!



ALL CANDIDATES MEETING

The 1993 general election took place in October. We had a riding all candidates meeting in the school. As always, there was a chance to put questions to the candidates.





P.C. COYLE AND "NERO"

This lovely dog and his handler, P.C. Coyle, came to the Junior School in November. We saw, in a video presentation, how dogs like Nero apprehend criminals. A heart-warming treat visit.



SIR EDMUND HILLARY

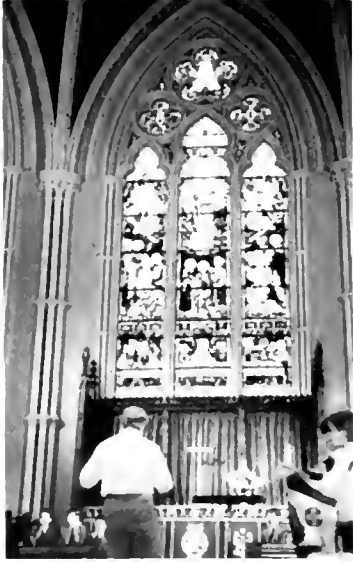
The conqueror of Everest visited the School on Remembrance Day. In his address, he called us to note that team work is greater than the sum of individual efforts.



"GRUBS DAY"

Usually there are a couple of grub days every year. For those who mightn't know, this means the students, normally well-groomed and dressed like gentlemen (hah!), come in their everyday, "grubby" clothes.





ANNUAL CAROL SERVICE
This takes place about the 15th of December. The venue is St James's Cathedral. Dr Bryant, as always, is witty and amusing in his haranguing of the "nipperage". Teachers enjoy singing too, as our pictures (of rehearsal) show.



VARIETY NIGHT OCCURS IN NOVEMBER



CAREERS DAY
We had a Careers Day in January 1994. Old boys come back to talk about their work. Students enjoy days like this, which bring visitors to the school, and because of their obvious relevance.

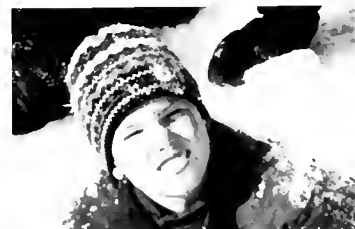
THE BREAKFAST CLUB

The "club" is a little treat for those students, and their mothers and fathers, who have done well, or significantly raised their average, in first examinations. An early morning breakfast is cooked by Mr Pengelly and other staff and served in Ketchum Hall.



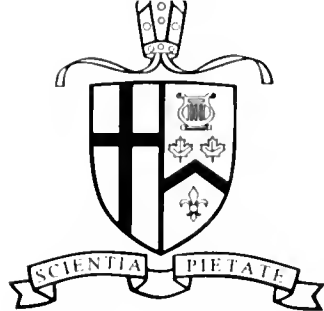
THE "MUSIK TOQUES"

They're a rock group that likes to practise and play together. Something a little on the wild side.



SNOW-SCULPTING

1993-94 was one of the coldest winters on record. We tried to have some fun out of it in a snow-sculpting competition. It looks that more fun than art was produced.



Royal St. George's College

Benefit Performance of *Napoleon*



March 30, 1994



Ben with M. Jérôme Pradon
(Napoleon)



The Headmaster with a group which includes the writers, Messrs Timothy Williams (music, left) and Andrew Sabiston (lyrics).



Kazuo and his parents with Mr Sabiston.



A buffet supper was served in a downtown hotel before the performance

"NAPOLEON"

"Napoleon" was a Canadian musical, written and mounted entirely by Canadian effort. A benefit performance was given for R.S.G.C., which was well-attended and was a success for the School fund-raising team

ST VALENTINE'S DANCE

There are dances held throughout the year, usually three or four, organised by the prefects. The one shown here was held on February 12th.



Lawrence gets a little carried away



There's meaning in Duncan's look



Feels good, eh, Mark?



Alex looks saintly. We're sure he isn't



Festasy time



Tim brought his own

SWIMMING GALAS

In March of every year the Benson School and a week later the Senior School have their Swimming Meet at the Benson Building at the L.I.C. Bring your ear plugs!



Mrs Jones and Mrs To watch the juniors



"I look out for the shark!"



West's 1



The rubber tyre race



Pensive or cold!

NORVAL

The Junior School's field trips are to the nature school at Norval. All classes go there, beginning with the Grade 7's in November.



Gerry dislikes photographers



Liam tests the Gabian basket



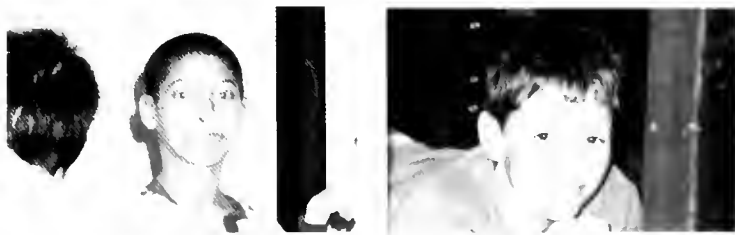
Linda and Sadie 'do' for us



Paper-making



It's not punishment — they're choosing a movie



Free time is indoor games time



Dressed for "Capture the Flag"



BRECKENRIDGE, COLORADO

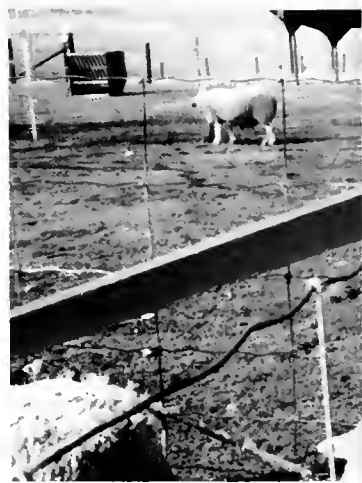
It wasn't exactly in Trip Week, it was in March Break, the trip to Colorado. What was it like? It was standby on North West, food shopping, sunburns, Steph's birthday, avalanch bombs, card games, T-shirt stores, virtual reality, Rob Bell's ski, room-raiding, hot tubs with Texans, Colin tucking the east wall, 4 00 A.M. departures. . .



OTTAWA (Gr 9's)



Hello, television set, my name is Brett



QUEBEC CITY (Gr 10's)



Practising their charm



The statue of Champlain



Jumping the gun again



Looking up a few old friends



Yes to more school holidays



Don't they make a sweet couple?



The old world architecture has its charm



New uniforms for Grade 10?



There are lots of things I would love to tell you about Quebec

Like the time when Mike Vitorovitch, Wade Fox, and I were walking back from the Museum of Civilization. We walked by a darkened window of a shop in an area Mike described at the time as, "the wrong end of town". This darkened window didn't concern us at the time, as we were anxious to get out of the pouring rain. However, when we returned the following day, passing the store and several others, we saw what it really was (and what a surprise!)

Or the time when I totally misheard the regroup time outside of the National Assembly where it was given, and turned up about thirty minutes late at Battery Park

Or the arcade, or the drunk guy sitting on top of the walls of Old Quebec who amused us for a while on our walking tour on the first day. Or about a lot of *other things* that should and will remain unsaid

Whatever you want to know about the Quebec trip (especially about Asad who made us wait an hour and then arrived before us on a train!) be sure to ask soon before anyone involved tells you *their* side (like you're really going to believe *them*)

See you in Bolton!

J. Milrose

(Bet you're wondering what I did, huh? Well, that's for me to know and you to find out!)



Catching flies?

GRADE 11 TRIP TO CEDAR GLEN

"That was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life" boasted Naohide Nasu as he squirmed off his bike. The trip from mid-town Toronto to Cedar Glen covered 50km and took 3 hours. 18 students led by Father Hill were brave enough to forego the comfort of the yellow school bus and, instead, to bicycle. Treat stops were a carefully planned feature of the route; McDonald's at Finch Avenue, a plaza at Langstaff Road, a convenience store in Nobleton all provided suitable sustenance . . . especially when the Headmaster arrived at the last stop (by car) with an ample supply of Smarties. Surprisingly those who spent the night at Darren Stoyka's 'sleepover' found that the lack of sleep did not have an effect on their vitality. In rather amazing fashion, everyone made the trip with no problems — mechanical or otherwise. For the trip home, however, a few decided enough was enough! For ten dollars, Tony Bose rode Adrian Press' bike back to Toronto, and Mr. Keenan paid a willing student fifty bucks for the privilege of returning home by bike!

When everyone arrived at Cedar Glen, it took just a short time to get settled in the assigned rooms — and investigate the facilities. Peter McCague exclaimed "great place" while Dan Kircher pondered the situation and wished he were back in Toronto with M-E-T-A. Tim Sjogren and Dan Mudd tied

the rope of friendship around one another, just to make sure they wouldn't get lost or confused. Teams were formed — EARTH, RAIN, FIRE and WATER, and throughout the week, a variety of challenges, games, and initiative tasks provided the opportunity for competition and friendly rivalry. Two guest speakers visited the centre. Rob Chisnall (knot man) provided significant leadership in the challenges, while Jay Haddad led discussions and interesting insights into Cults and Homophobia. In addition, the staff led sessions on group dynamics, leadership skills and communication awareness.

The RSGC Olympics occupied the last afternoon, with Jason Pantalone winning the Cross Country Run, and Bryce Carter being the victor in the mountain bike race. The winning house — YORK. Pacaud, Frawley and George continued to value certain possessions of each other! The best prank — Dewees and Wilkinson discovering how to replace Mr. Van Herk's toothpaste with shaving cream. Mr. Keenan however, took great pride in putting a cup of water over the door of the Headmaster's bathroom, unscrewing the light bulb and covering the toilet seat with unnoticed Saran wrap!!

The highlight of the trip? 39 young men who worked and played together, and became much better friends, getting to know those whom they hardly knew before. A great beginning for their year together in Grade 12.



NEW YORK (Gr 12's)



Local bully boys' No, teachers!



Our tour guide



On Wall Street



They too have dreams



It's a wicked place



Sir can I see the w...

WASHINGTON
(Gr 13's)



CONFIRMATIONS



The Bishop (Rt Rev Terence Finlay) visited the School, as every year, to confirm those professing faith in the Christian religion

CITIZENSHIP COURT



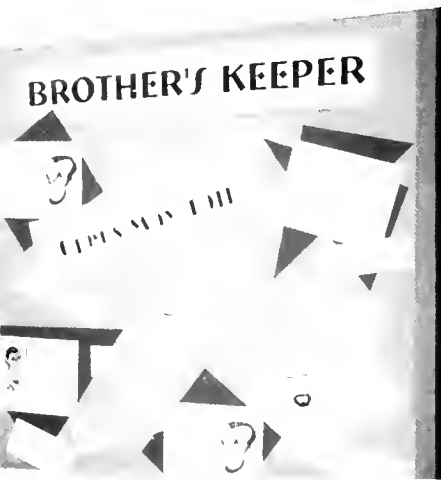
A citizenship ceremony was held in the School in 1994. The Hon. Mrs Pamela Stratton, mother of Michael (Gr 7), officiated.

THE WASHTENAW BAND



They visited us again on April 29th. They are not professionals, they play for the love of it. They are great!

"BROTHER'S KEEPER"



Mr Lee produced and directed a second video production for the School, written, as in 1993, by Mr Orlando's Media class. Mike Anstey and Duncan Gibson starred.

SKYDOME VISIT



This year's Grade 5, like their predecessors, got a visit to the Skydome, through the good offices of Mr Lee (May 5th)

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN



Remember the annular eclipse of the sun in May of '94 and how you got out of class to look (indirectly) at it?

"OKLAHOMA"



"Oklahoma" was produced by Havergal College, RSGC students playing the male parts. They seem to get into romantic entanglements!



SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES. We love visitors, and here we welcomed lovely dancers from Branksome. See the lovely charmer in the middle of them. Familiar?

PREFECTS' BREAKFAST



The prefects hosted and served breakfast to visitors from St Clement's. They got Mr P to cook it! (May 12th)

"FINAL CURTAIN"



Actors from "Final Curtain", the OAC Drama students' final presentation of the year

TRACK AND FIELD DAY



Two pirates bold are we, tra-la!



Mr D'Arcy starting the Grade Ten 400m race, later won by Jason Taylor. Chris George won the Grade Eleven 400m race



ATHLETIC BANQUET 1994

ATHLETIC BANQUET 1994

Edward Assaf Memorial Soccer Trophy	<i>Julian Thornbury</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Soccer Trophy	<i>Chris Ford</i>
Most Improved Soccer Award	<i>Jonathan Abraham</i>
Ferguson Cross Country Award	<i>Michael Adams</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Cross Country Trophy	<i>Trevor Thompson</i>
Most Improved Cross Country Award	<i>Jason Taylor</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Volleyball Trophy	<i>Geoff Cowper-Smith</i>
Most Improved Volleyball Player Award	<i>Jamie Robertson</i>
J.W. McMaster Hockey Trophy	<i>David Lindberg</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Hockey Trophy	<i>Paul O'Regan</i>
Most Improved Hockey Player Award	<i>Sam Gildiner</i>
Trusler Ski Trophy	<i>Andrew von Teichman</i>
Most Improved Skier Award	<i>D'Arcy Chandler</i>
Bowlby Cup — M.V.P. Basketball	<i>David Vaillancourt</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Basketball Trophy	<i>Darcy Morris</i>
Most Improved Basketball Award	<i>Drew Gulyas</i>
Lomax Basketball Trophy	<i>Geof Mariani</i>
<i>R.K. Fraser Award — M.V.P. Track</i>	<i>Julian Thornbury</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Track & Field Trophy	<i>Albert Ho</i>
Most Improved Track & Field Award	<i>Alexis Levine</i>
W.E. Wilson Award — M.V.P. Senior Softball	<i>Scott Yelle</i>
R.S.G.C. Junior School Softball Trophy	<i>Jonathan Millman</i>
Most Improved Softball Player Award	<i>Michel Mainardi</i>
R.S.G.C. Tennis Trophy	<i>Evan Schwartz</i>
Most Improved Tennis Player Award	<i>Daniel MacDonald</i>
R.S.G.C. Badminton Trophy	<i>Jamie Press</i>
Most Improved Badminton Player Award	<i>Naohide Nasu</i>
Most Improved Golfer	<i>Simon Holford</i>
R.S.G.C. Golf Trophy	<i>Matthew Chubb</i>
Athletic Director's Award	<i>Mr. Alan Cooper</i>
	<i>Mr. David Lee</i>
Andrew Drillis Memorial Award	<i>Nick Blanchette</i>
V.C. Pascoe Award — Best Junior School Athlete	<i>Darcy Morris</i>
J.S. Robinson Award — Best Junior Athlete	<i>Michael Adams</i>
A.C. Tudhope Award — Best Intermediate Athlete	<i>Adrian Press</i>
J.S. Housser Award — Best Senior Athlete	<i>Julian Thornbury</i>
R.S.G.C. Athletic Letters	<i>Mark Andersen</i>
	<i>Kevin Lint</i>
	<i>Julian Thornbury</i>

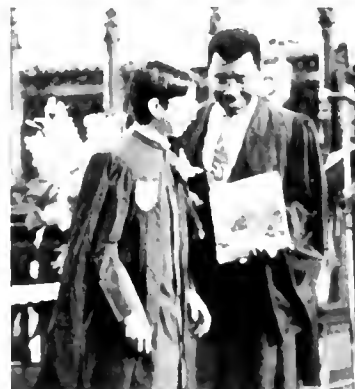
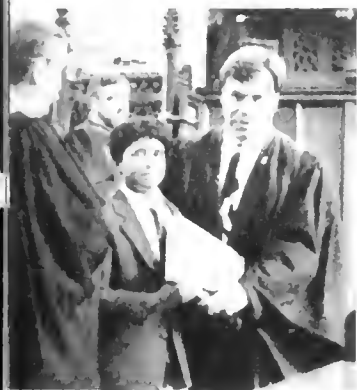


VOLUNTEERS APPRECIATION DAY



On May 27th the School honoured its volunteers in a special ceremony and reception afterwards.

JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING 1994



JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE GIVING 1994

Grade 3 Award
Grade 4 Award
Grasley Award (Grade 5)
G D. Hay Award (Grade 6)
Scott Kovas Award (Grade 7)
J.B.E. Garstang Award (English)
Mathematics Award
French Prize
St. George's Society Social Studies Prize
Science Prize
Leigh McCarthy Gossage (Acting)

*Marc Crook
Morgan Rubes
Jonathan Abraham
Cameron Stark
Jamie Bergstra
Matthew McCormick
David Hwang
Kenneth Adams
Timothy Pyper
Samuel Hui
Michael Anstey
& Duncan Gibson*

(Debating)

Junior Music Prize
Leslie Taylor Prize
(Most Improved Choir Boy)
The Guild Music Prize (Most Improved)
Best in Changed Voice Choir
St. Andrew's C.K. Prize
Henry Cawthorne House Trophy
Instrumental Music Prize (Guild Best)
Top Choir Boy (Jameson)
Greatest Determination (Rothwell)
Junior Georgian

*Robbie Barrass
& Damian Abraham
Christopher Roscoe*

*Michael Pang
Adam Green
Andrew Jones
Ted Meighen
Canterbury
Jonathan Lee
Jeffrey Taylor
Cameron Wong
Matthew D. Hall*

PRIZE DAY 1994

Awards Given at Prize Day 1994

Grade 9 Pascal Math Contest	Jamie Lint Quincy Lui Jamie Robertson Mark Han (medal)	Senior History Award	Alex Evis Nicholas Robins
Grade 9 Pythagorean Math Award	Marc Burroni	Junior English Award	Alastair Kellett Alexis Levine
Grade 10 Cayley Math Contest	Brian Pho (medal)	Senior English Award	Chris Remerowski
Grade 11 Fermat Math Contest	Philippe Bedard David Dewees Malcolm Wilkinson (medal)	Junior Latin Award	Henri Tam
OAC Descartes Math Contest	Feizal Satchu	Intermediate Latin Award	Eric Tsang
Jock Armitage Senior Math Prize	Alex Evis	Senior Latin Award	Geoff Bellingham
Computer Science Award	Nicholas Kwong	Junior German Award	Gavin Bee
Junior Science Award	Pankaj Bhatia	Intermediate German Award	Oliver Zecha
Intermediate Science Award	Geoff Bellingham	Senior German Award	Blake Markle
O.A.P.T. Physics Contest	Taylor Armstrong Blake Markle	French Award	Philippe Bedard
J.C. Wheeler Senior Science Cup	Eric Tsang	Junior Art Award	Mark Otema
Intermediate Business Award	Philippe Bedard	Intermediate Art Award	Thomas Simpkins
Senior Economics Award	Alex Evis	Senior Art Award	Colin Watson
Junior Geography Award	Jamie Lint	Design Award	Gavin Bee
Intermediate Geography Award	Gavin Bee Dennis Chiu	Community Service Award	Jamie Lint
Senior Geography Award	Brian Bobechko	Junior Debating Award	James Boake
Junior History Award	Peter McCague	Senior Debating Award	Colin Watson
Intermediate History Award	Phillip Blanchette Mark Han Philippe Bedard	Junior Drama Award	Pankaj Bhatia
		Senior Drama Award	Philip Pace
		Ian Bonnycastle Award (lighting)	Rob Burkett
		Spotlight Award (stage managing)	Christiaan Piller
		Technician's Award (sound)	Jamie Press
		Best Supporting Actor	Jamie Press
		Drama Club Torphy (Best Actor)	Chris Remerowski
		Senior Instrumentalist	Geoff Bellingham
		Acolyte Award	Colin Watson
		Library Technician's Award	Stuart Coristine



A general view of the graduates



Ms Mustard was honoured on Prize Day



The Senior Band provides musical enjoyment

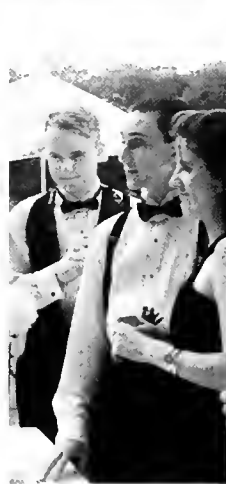


The Saxophone Band



The Sports Boys

GRAD FORMAL





CHOIR TOUR TO QUEBEC
JUNE 1994



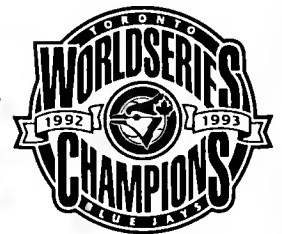
To our advertisers:

We thank you for advertising in our Yearbook. We ask you to bear in mind that the exposure of your ad. will be long-term. This yearbook will be consulted, even if only once a year, for fifty years. Whenever it is, your product or service will be friendly regarded. Thank you again.

Readers of our yearbook, we ask you to support our advertisers wherever practicable

It's Been Another Great Year.

Congratulations and
best of luck to the
Royal St. George's College
Class of '93-'94.



Winter scene evocative of Breughel



Best Wishes for Continuing Success — *KILCOO CAMP*



Armstrong-Davison

BRUCE I. ARMSTRONG, CFE, CA

Suite 133, 21 Four Seasons Place
(Intersection of Hwy 427 and Burnhamthorpe)
Etobicoke, Ontario M9B 6J8
Tel: (416) 620-6864 Fax: (416) 620-5380

CONGRATULATES THE CLASS OF '94. OUR FUTURE LEADERS!

Hermann J. Kircher
President

P.O. Box 162
Suite 3311
Royal Trust Tower
Toronto Dominion Centre
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5K 1H6

KIRCHER
Research Associates Ltd.

Telephone (416) 867-3141
Facsimile (416) 867-3127

Land Use Economists & Retail Consultants

**OSLER,
HOSKIN &
HARCOURT**

P.O. Box 50
1 FIRST CANADIAN PLACE
TORONTO, ONTARIO
CANADA M5X 1B8
TEL: (416) 362-2111
FAX: (416) 862-6666

BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS PATENT & TRADE-MARK AGENTS
TORONTO OTTAWA

PAUL R. MCKEOWN
DIRECTOR OF MARKETING
DIRECT DIAL: (416) 862-4702

INTERNATIONALLY OSLER RENAU LTADNER NEW YORK LONDON PARIS HONG KONG

MEIGHEN DEMERS

b & s

HON. MICHAEL A. MEIGHEN
Q.C.

COUNSELL
DIRECT DIAL: (416) 340-6016

TELEPHONE: (416) 977-8400
SUITE 1100, BOX 11
MERRILL LYNCH CANADA TOWER
200 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO CANADA M5H 1K4
FAX: (416) 977-8700
TELEX: 0622718 NSTRW TOR



Mr Pengelly too can dream

OSLER, HOSKIN & HARCOURT

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS
PATENT AND TRADE-MARK AGENTS

PROUD TO SUPPORT *Royal St. George's College*

TORONTO
P.O. Box 50
1 First Canadian Place,
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5X 1B8
Tel: 416-362-2111
Fax: 416-862-6666

OTTAWA
50 O'Connor Street
Suite 1500
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada K1P 6L2
Tel: 613-235-7234
Fax: 613-235-2867

INTERNATIONALLY – OSLER RENAULT
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • HONG KONG



Howland looking north to Dupont in Fall

Peter R. Andersen, A.M., Ph.D. Andersen Economic Research Ltd.

Royal Bank Plaza
P.O. Box 63
South Tower, Suite 2300
Toronto, Ontario M5J 2J2

Office Tel. (416) 364-7772
Home Tel. (416) 239-2156
Fax (416) 362-0459



Oliver adopted RSGC in 1991



Congratulations
to the
Class of 1994
— the Guild

Ronald J. Adams
FSA, FCIA
Vice President

175 Bloor Street East
South Tower, Suite 1501
Toronto, Ontario M4W 3T6
416 960-2684 Fax: 416 960-2819

Towers Perrin

JIT Automation

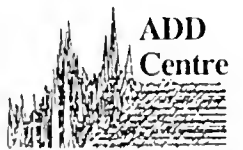
Just In Time Production / Quick Die Change Systems

TQDC

O. (Sam) Oishi, P. Eng.
President

JIT Automation Inc.

1149 Bellamy Road N. Unit #8, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada, M1H 1H7
Tel. (416) 439-8525 Fax (416) 439-2671



**ADD
Centre**

A division of Kids Count Consultants Corporation
Mississauga & Toronto

Lynda M. Thompson
Ph.D., C Psych
Executive & Clinical Director

Mailing Address:
93 Wimbledon Rd
Islington, Ont
Canada, M9A 3S4

(416) 464-8885 (all locations & messages)
(416) 803-8066 (Mississauga Office)



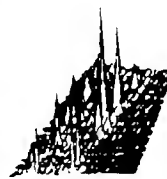
Heather A. Frawley B.A., LL.B.
Vice President and Secretary

95 Wellington Street West, Suite 1705
Toronto, Ontario
M5J 2N7

Tel. (416) 864 0237
Fax (416) 864 0567



"Facilis descensus Averno ..." (Vergil)



**ADD
Centre**
(416) 464-8885

MISSISSAUGA

Lynda M. Thompson, Ph. D.
Director



Underachievement due to

Attentional problems? - distractibility? - poor concentration?

Neurofeedback may help!

Train to achieve self regulation of brain wave patterns.
Improve attention span, concentration and self confidence.

Quotes from Clients:

"I didn't expect so much after so many problems last year.

He sits, listens and his reading is so good."

Mother of a 6-year-old.

"She's student of the month and in the top half of
her grade 4 class."

Father of a 9-year-old who could not read in grade 3.

"For the first time in my life I feel I'm in control."

17-year-old formerly on stimulant medication.



holman

COMMUNICATIONS

Holman Communications Inc.
250 The Esplanade
The Keep
Toronto, Canada
M5A 1J2
(416) 362-7563
Fax: 362-8385
Computer Graphics:
(416) 362-7633



JACKIE YOUNG

555 Richmond Street West
Suite 504
Toronto, Canada M5V 3B1
Telephone (416) 360-3894
Fax (416) 360-0204



555 Richmond Street West Suite 504 Toronto, Canada M5V 3B1
Telephone (416) 360-3894

"It is easier to buy books
than to read them and easier to read
them than to absorb them."

Sir William Osler



Whose legs are these?

(Answers below)

- 1 Mr Van Herk
- 2 Mrs Walsh
- 3 Mr Ackley
- 4 Messrs Holdsworth (L.) and Kerr
- 5 Mr Love
- 6 Mr Nakatsu
- 7 Mrs Grieve

In Memory of

Mr Lloyd Bradshaw

February 21, 1929

• April 1, 1994



Lloyd Bradshaw

John Lloyd Bradshaw was born February 21, 1929 in St. Mary's, Ontario. Following early music studies in Stratford and London, he became a church organist in St. Mary's at the age of fifteen. He remained at the organ bench for the next fifty years.

In 1948, Lloyd graduated from Stratford Teachers' College, and he taught until 1963 in rural Ontario, Stratford and Toronto schools. During these years, he continued his musical studies, and was an editor of school and church music and academic materials. From 1963 to 1968, he was the supervisor of music and assistant co-ordinator of music education for North York schools. He was appointed special lecturer in choral music at the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music in 1968.

As a choral conductor, Lloyd had a most profound impact on others, particularly the young people he introduced to the appreciation and performance of sacred and sec-

ular choral music. While serving as organist at High Park United Church, he was first a member, and then acting music director of the Festival Singers of Toronto. As organist and choirmaster at St. George's United Church from 1960 until 1970, he developed several choirs which were continuously recognized for their excellence. These included junior and boys' choirs, and the St. George's Youth Choir which toured England in 1964, Canada in 1967, and Europe in 1970. He was also the founding director of the North York Youth Choir.

Over the next two decades, Lloyd conducted the University of Toronto Chorus (later Hart House Chorus), was chorusmaster for the opera department, and concurrently for the Canadian Opera Chorus. He was founding conductor of the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, and he led the Toronto Symphony Chorus in association with Maestro Seiji Ozawa. He had long associations with the CBC and CTV networks. He was the founder of the Toronto Youth Choir, and the Sound Com-

pany, and from 1975 to 1980, director of the Orpheus Choir. From the mid-seventies to the present, he was organist and choirmaster at, successively, Trinity United Church, St. Anne's Anglican Church, and St. Luke's United Church (Islington). He was music director of the St. Anne's Music and Drama Society for twelve years.

Lloyd Bradshaw's remarkable choral conducting skills, and his capacity to instill in his choristers and students the love of music, the pursuit of excellence, and the thrill of performance, is his legacy to thousands in Canada, and many now in distant lands. His contribution to the spiritual and cultural life of the country, both directly and through those he inspired, has been enormous. We observe his passing with great sadness, and celebrate his life and faith with great joy.

In his memory, a prize will be awarded to a graduating choral conducting student at the University of Toronto.

Mrs Dawn Hardie

The school mourns the passing of Dawn Hardie, mother, wife and strong supporter of Royal St. George's.

Her tragic accident has taken from us a very dynamic, vital woman whose commitment to her son's and daughter's schools will be sadly missed.

Dawn was active in so many activities

of the Guild — Poinsettia sales, tour guide, hostess at social functions, and especially, President of the Guild. Her enthusiasm, initiative and organizational skills were of great benefit to RSGC over her many years of involvement.

We share the grief of her children and husband.





